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WINTER.

BY MISS ELIZA COOK.

We know 'tis good that old Winter should come,
Roving awhile from his Lapland home;
'Tis fitting that we should hear the sound
Of his reindeer sledge on the slippery ground:

For his wide and glittering cloak of snow
Protects the seeds of life below;
Beneath his mantle are nurtured and born
The roots of the flowers, the germs of the corn.

The whistling tone of his pure strong breath
Rides purging the vapors of pestilent death.
I love him, I say, and avow it again,
For God's wisdom and might show well in his train.

But the naked—the poor! I know they quail
With crouching limbs from the biting gale;
They pine and starve by the fireless hearth,
And weep as they gaze on the frost bound earth.

Stand nobly forth, ye rich of the land,
With kindly heart and bounteous hand;
Remember 'tis now their season of need,
And a prayer for help is a call ye must heed.

A few of thy blessings, a tythe of thy gold,
Will save the young and cherish the old.
'Tis a glorious task to work such good—
Do it, ye great ones! Ye can and ye should.

He is not worthy to hold from heaven
The trust reposed, the talents given,
Who will not add to the portion that's scant,
In the pinching hours of cold and want.

Oh! listen in mercy, ye sons of wealth,
Basking in comfort and glowing in health;
Give wnate'er ye can spare, and be ye sure
He serveth his Maker who aided the poor.

"PRINCE JOHN;"

OR,

DIARY OF A NEW YORK "FANCY MAN."

HISTORICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY ST. GEORGE METCALF, ESQ.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"And from her, Sam?" asked Billy, rising from his seat, quickly.

"Yes; from her."

"God be praised," exclaimed Okie, placing both hands together, and clasping them tighter and tighter. "Tell me all, quick!"

"It read, *'Have a close carriage on the corner of Greenwich and Franklin streets as soon as the church bell stops ringing for afternoon service this day. Let Christian love and forbearance fail thee not. Be just and honest to the virtuous! Thou art mine.'*"

"That's what I should call heavy papers, Sam. Go on, for I'm interested in this next deal of the cards of love."

"It was signed, dated, sealed, and all understood. I asked the old nig how he came by it? Says he 'Massa, nebber mind; I libs in West Broadway. My wife *knows* more den both of us, consarn it. De lady herself understands de workin ob de privat machineryum! Yes, sar, she doe.' I then asked what kind of hair this lady had. He laughed; shook his shoulders; and after giving one long yah! yah! he whispers, 'She hav the *blaze*-en har—de red har, what puts de debil into de young men.' I outs with a couple of dollars, heaves them into his old grippers, and told him to go back and say, 'all right—rain or shine.' I made him repeat it some four or five times, and off I went like a crazy man. I had to obtain the right kind of a hack, a close-mouthed driver, and fix myself up in about as A No. 1 style, as usual. What it all meant, I couldn't tell—only I supposed she intended to slip out after church hours and see me for a short time; I knew by the fairness of the day and the brightness of the sun, that beyond a doubt both father and mother would attend church, as usual. I also formed a conclusion in my own mind that she would ask me to drive up as far as Bond street, or something of that nature. Anyhow, I was on hand bold as a cavalier, not two minutes after the last note of the church bell. The carriage was in Greenwich street, hard by the corner of Franklin. The driver understood his business; he had conveyed me before, but not with such kind of freight as I exported on this mysterious voyage. Presently what do I hear but the rustling of silks and the sound of a high heeled gaiter working quick over the paving stones. I looked, Okie, and she came sailing fast, with face deeply veiled, breathing quick and fast, and as she reached me, she squeezed my hand, muttered, 'Fast, fast, for the Jersey City Ferry, time is precious,' and of course, the order was no more than given before off we went with windows and window curtains all right."

"Good—good, by thunder—but, Sam, I'm very anxious now."

"Okie, I know you are, and Okie, you shall have all in a few words. Do you know, Okie, that her parents had kept that poor girl confined in a bed chamber, a small room some ten by sixteen feet, for over six weeks?"

"Don't tell me so, for that *riles* me."

"Yes; and she was placed there the very day of the pow-wow; on that very Sunday evening. She vowed that she loved me, and only me. All my notes had been given either to the father or mother by the servants, and read and destroyed. They had lied to the Madam, they had lied to me, and to other callers. They roped her, if you believe me, in such a way that she could not help herself, and there kept her confined until she promised to marry, in a peaceable manner, this cousin! What do you think of that, Okie, in an age of enlightenment; in an intelligent city like New York, and in a professed christian family?"

"D—— tough by thunder," replied Billy, systematically. "But go on, I'm all attention now."

"As soon as the carriage was off, she kissed me affectionately and told me all. She gave me orders to drive to Bergen Point, to a certain hotel, where she was acquainted. The order was given, we had dinner and wine, all by ourselves, in a large chamber, with an ante-room off. The landlady, who knew her troubles, who sympathised with her, and had for many years, came in and took a glass of wine with us. Calling her by name, she said, 'It may be a long time before I shall see you again, and as you have been so kind to me on so many occasions, I want you to accept this diamond ring. You will find your name and mine appropriately engraved within.' Okie, it was a beautiful affair—one of those hundred and a quarter rings, elegantly set. Both felt affected—both kissed."

"But let me ask you," and Okie, talked excitedly, "was your gal still single?"

"Okie, believe me, I had lost the woman whom I would have made my lawful wife."

"And she was already married, then, eh?"

"Yes; she was married to this cousin whom she hated, on that Sunday morning, without any notice—without any ceremony more than being wedded privately by the minister."

"You don't tell that for a right up and down fact, do you?" asked Okie, as he gave one long whistle of surprise.

"I do, and most assuredly. Don't you think that where we were three elegant loaves of rich frosted cake were cut up for us; then there were wines, jellies, preserves of various kinds; tea, chocolate, coffee—in fact, everything all nice, and in shipshape order—and all ready, in this chamber, in less than twenty minutes after our arrival! Singular, was it not?"

The Prince bit his lips, blushed and asked the question in one of his own peculiar kind of winning ways.

"And did you know nothing of it until you received this note?"

"Never; and yet the feast was all prepared, only think of it, Bill, and to my great surprise."

"After marriage, Sam, now the d—l did she get away from home, and her newly purchased husband? I tell you, Sam, there is a bit of double distilled mystery about this last raid, and I guess"——

"Hold! I'll tell you. As soon as they were married she set right about arranging her affairs, according to promise, Sunday or no Sunday; and having several errands to perform, and things to look after, intending to depart by the first Monday morning train going North, she gave them the slip out the back way of the house, for her most essential errand was to see me first."

"Good, by Jimminitis; give us your hand, Sam. So you met her, went down, or over in Jersey to her friends, where all things were understood, where the house was put in order."

"We were back again long before dark. Her husband was out even on her return. She presented me this large diamond ring Billy, and a daugerreotype—this gold tooth pick—together with other little mementoes, before and after this affair. On the morrow she went Northward with a heart full of joy for one, with a heart full of sorrow for another."

"And how many years ago did all this occur?"

"Between eight and nine, Okie?"

"And where is the party now?"

"Near Batavia, this state, and the mother of some five boys!"

Okie gave one of his long peculiar whistles.

"Now, I've got just one question to ask you before I take another drink. Who is that very handsome boy of about eight whom you took me to see at a certain gentleman's residence in 14th street, where that good luscious looking woman pointed her finger at you, and said to you blandly in a low voice, 'The very image of its daddy, eh?'"

The Prince undertook to evade the remark.

"None of that, now, Sam, for I told you the instant I saw the child that he looked very much like you; now didn't I?"

INVERNEZZI, OF THE "DEVIL'S AUCTION" BALLET. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

"Oh, yes, I remember now!"

"Well, Sam, I've got not much money about me, but my check is good on one or two country banks for a few thousand, so I'll bet that that boy when he's at home lives somewhere about Batavia, this State; for I heard that very lady ask him something about that place, about home; but I'll be d—— if I won't bet!"

"No bets—no takers—Okie," and for the first time did the renowned Sam get up from his easy, reckless attitude, and commence stretching his limbs. "Your surmises, your hints, your innuendoes, your suspicions, Okie, are not worth——"

"Never you mind," interposed Okie, half growlingly, "I ain't no fool; and I'll bet that that boy——"

"Tut—tut—tut! hand me that brandy bottle, Billy Okie; drink more and talk less."

"Well; anyhow, I'll bet two hundred and fifty dollars agin one hundred and twenty-five, that that——"

"Oh, give us a toast, and drink your brandy, Okie, for I shall begin to think that one more such affair will upset everything in that little round head of yours. But spread yourself, now, and give us a toast, then let's for a promenade up Broadway."

CHAPTER VIII.

HARD CHILDREN.

Hard characters are numerous in all cities! New York leads the van, and she will for time immemorial! The "Old Hen" has laid a great many eggs, hard, as well as soft shell—and has hatched a vast number of chickens. Gotham holds within her powerful grasp a host of the *hardest* kind of children—daughters as well as sons! New York throws out fodder to all kinds of cattle. History can and could, but will never give an account of it. Mark the prediction! It is hard to say it, but "we say what we say!"

Pluck is a cheap article in New York City; cheek is ditto; brass, the twin-sister of cheek, is as brassy in complexion as was the altar of Bilbad! Gotham's own "pet lambs" are as numerous as were the Hagarites! Her "roughs" are as plentiful as were little fishes in the rivers of Egypt! Her gamblers outnumber the thousands of their kin and species, and, like the ancient shufflers, have seen the time when, scripturally speaking, they "murmured for water."

Her courtesans will more than equal those who drooped about ancient Sodom. And Gotham's own fancy men are of great strength and great in number. As for murderers and robbers, let the devil look after them, say we. With all these very heavy departments within its boundaries, Gotham knows it all—and Gotham smiles. Yes, yes, New York City feels all this—and weeps!

"Quite a change all over the city since I left."

"Yes, a very great change in our line of business; but when did you leave for Europe?"

"Nine years ago."

Thus spoke Bob Underwood, one of the "old time fancy men," who commenced a career of flash life as far back as 1847.

To be plain, the Prince commenced when Bob Underwood left off.

"Fancy houses turned into stables and negro settlements; whole streets vacated, or left in disgust, by the votaries of prostitution and assignation; in fact," said Bob, "while I have been looking about for my old haunts, I find them not! The inmates of some are dead—others have removed—some are up on Blackwell's Island; others brought up in Sing Sing prison; while, in fact, the buildings wherein they dwelt, they too have gone with the bricks and mortar of other days. While roaming through Leonard street not long since, an old wench espying me, said:—

"They are away up town, Boss—away up to almost ebber last-in. Well, well, Boss, am yu in de land ob de libin? Best payin' gent in all my cat-a-logue—plenty washin', an' sich good pay."

"Sam, Aunty had been my washerwoman a great many years before I went to Europe. She was the best posted wench or woman I ever saw. When anything new was on the *tapis*, I was booked. Says she:—

"You went across de Atlantic; so you're old fiame, Miss Nelly, sed; but tell' it's now well on to eight or nine years ago, it seems to me but on yester-dam. Yu see, I've lost most ob my teeth, an' am now hard on to eight-an'-sixty 'um years. But Boss, yu're old dartin', Miss Nelly, is 'em not ded!"

"No!" said I, "and where is my old, full-breasted Nelly?"

"Why, boss, ebberybody took a start here at one time, an' rush they went 'em, all out ob Leonard street for up town, 'mong the arris-too-krat-um! Old Maria Adams, she kolapsed wun dey all in a dredful hurry on her part, for the old gentleman what nibber calls the second time, an' onley sends wun warnin', an' dat he duz personnatley—sed to her, kinder unexpectedly, 'Maria, yure account is up—I wants you'—sm' so de grave got *her!* Den Kate Hastins, she, poor thing, she got in with one of them foreign galvanized Counts, an' away she put wid him, too, across de At-lan-tsm ocean, bound to be a Countess, an' arter he'd got her, an' robbed her ob ebberyting, an' next tu cum, she lies down, an' goes ded in a—in a—in a—what du you call 'em—yes, in a *Charity Hospital!*"

"Yes, I heard of her death while I was in Paris, myself."

"Well, boss, Cinderella Marshall, you know, who run opposition next door to Kate, she was de smartest ob 'em all. She made money, an' she kept it, an' ter day she's well off an' to du in dis world's goods. She libs up town—passes for respectibility, but I'm goin' tu git sum wun tu write her life, for I knows it from child up. I'be got a grudge agin her, an' shall hab it till deth du us part."

"But," said Underwood, "where's my Nelly—my old heart-broken crust?"

"Oh, she libs in Madison Square, big as life, an' twice as natural-um. Got in wid dollars and cents, and libs mity 'spectable."

"But, what has become of old Charlotte Brown?"

"Bless de Lord—why, she went down below all ob a sudden; they didn't hardly send for her."

"And Beckey ——?"

"Why, old Aunty Beckey Waymar, she went by de way ob all de airth, years an' years ago."

"Didn't she die about as old Phebe Doty did, in Church street?"

"Yes; an' singular co-in-ci-dum, both had a pack of cards in dar hands, a playin' wid 'em, when old Deth cum along, an' ses, 'I wants you.' Yes, yes, an' du yu remember when Julia Brown gib up de ghost? Oh, my hebbens! What a flurishin' epock thim times wuz. I libs here den, whin she was de boss ob dis section ob de city—down dar at number 100 Church street—ober dar at number 55 Leonard street—an' du reckomleck de night when de American Theatre, next door dar, got a fire and burnt down? Lordy 'em massa! Why, Boss, yu ought em tu see de gals an' dar lubbers hum out wid nuthin on bardly, tur yu see it wuz on a Saturum night, an' in dem days, yu know, Boss, dat wuz de luvvers' night. Oh, Jol-li-kum! how de old times duz rebibe de soul, and de heart ob us old gals ob color! Well, old Jule made a pile ob money, an' wasn't de old gal smart-em ob de smartist! Didn't she kum it ober de church peoplers?"

"Yes, Aunty, but how was that?" asked Underwood.

"Why, Boss, in dem days de biggist lawyers—such as de Hoffmanses, an' de Hone-asses, an' de Jauncy-esses, an' de Graham-esses—all sed it wuz de biggist-tess tung on ice dat dey ebber hurn tell on. Why, all de darkies and de wenches got drunk in dis sec-o-num ob dis ward. Why, it eben beat 4-11-44 tu nuthin. Yu see, Boss, Browney, in dem days, kept de fust class house ob ladies fur de gentlemin ebber known in de wide em spread world. Trinit-um church, yu know, down Broadway, had got de last finish-em touches, an' de pews wuz fur to be rented. Jule rents wun ob de body pews at $1,000 a year, an' tiz sed she dun it through Jack Har-ram-son, her man. Yu knew Jack, didn't yu?"

"Yes, well," said Underwood. "I knew him years after, when he kept a gamblin house No. 3 Park Place—knew him when he got into that deep scrape which sent him up the river, and then he died, I believe."

"Oh, yes, de law got 'im, an de law choked poor Jack to deth. Lordy, how plain your Aunt Sophia kan see him sid dem green spectacles on! You see, arter Marm Julia got de rent-um receipt ob de pew in her hands, an wain, wun day, ackordum to orders frum de trustees ob de church, de pew holders had tu be fotched up tugedder, away goes down Broadway Marm Julia Brown, and her bed boss gal known as de Countess, both rigged up tu deth, an' a layin' back in her carriage drawn wid four hosses, in de fullest ob de livery, an' as 'harish as de nobility den ob Bleecker street; an' in dey go, rite inter de number ob de pew. Den you see, sum ob dem old roosters dar, what knew her, findin' dey had been caught in de wrong nett, began a kind of whisperin' round de what you call, de satte-lites ob de church. Den a committee goes tu her, an' sez, 'wacate dis pew.' Old Jule—oh, my golly, an' wasn't she smart—pokes dis receipt for $1,000, signed, sealed, an' d-libered, rite afore 'em all. Well, well, wasn't dar a rattlin 'mong de dry bones? Guess-em dey was. 'I can't see it,' she said; an' arter tellin' 'em dat she had hired an' paid one long years sallary-um, on de pew, dat she'd stay on her property. An' good gracious me sake-a-lifey—didn't she? Well, well, *child*, I tinks she didn't 'till dey guv her tree tousand dollars—yes, $3,000, tu gib up de receipt, an tu lebe de pew for ebber an' for ebber; an' den she rushes inter her four in-hand, gets hum, an' afore night reads in de ebening papers de full particular-ums ob de church sell. Why, in dem days, it was town talk for ninety days. Lookin' cross lots, it seems tu me tu hav happened just about a week ago last Friday. After a while she shifted scenes—libbed private in Houston street 'till she died dar. De darter, she got addicated, got married to a smart Irish lawyer, got stage-struck, an' dat's de end ob it. Golly! must get sum wun tu set down an' write a book just as Aunty tell 'em about de whole ob 'em, for I knows what I knows. Yes, honey!"

"Sam, the old gal carried a directory right in her head, an I had the points right down to a dot," said Underwood. "She told me about the death of Madora Webster, caused by burning fluid; of Mary Dale's death, over in Macon, Georgia; of the whereabouts of the Countess Leonora DeBarr; and how big and fat her handsome lady-ship, Rosa Lee Bell, had become. She said Kate Hastings' old dooh-keeper, Mary Parker, had retired to private life; Little Frenchy, at Maria Adams's, had married rich; and Joe, the gal who loosed so much like a boy, had taken lodgings up the river, where people Sing twice. But, Sam, where did this moral march of improvement drive the remnants?" inquired Underwood.

"Into Mercer street, and other thoroughfares of a noted character. Why, s[illegible] no job to count a hundred houses of prost[illegible]n in that street alone."

"And from t[illegible]

"Why, the t[illegible] drove them into Houston street; but, to[illegible]nes are in Twenty-seventh street, and its environs," replied the Prince, in an easy tone of delivery.

"Possible?"

"Yes, and still going up, going up. Down-town streets are deserted, save by a few low dens and concert cribs, not worthy of a gentleman's trouble."

"And all this march since I've been absent in Europe. Well, well," and the good-looking, sportive Underwood wiped the lobster salad from off his seductive moustache. "After all," he continued, "there is no place like New York. I have seen most of the old World; have given my twenty guineas to see forty girls of all ages—young and old—in a nude state, passing through all the varied classic attitudes, on the *a la* Model Artist style; have thrown out my doubloons for similar benefits in Madrid; have paid for kissing rare beauties in Genoa, Venice and Florence; and have seen big sights, for an American, in Holland, in Prussia, Austria, and even in Jerusalem. But, sir, let me assure you, *I had rather be dead-broke in this little town of ours*, than in any city on the face of the globe! *No place like New York!*"

The Prince bowed, and said, "Yes." He was too busy over sweet oil and oysters.

"Since my return, I have felt like a different man. I feel happier, although it makes me sad, I must confess, when I look about me, and see so many of the boys and girls gone."

"To me, I'm getting rather tired of city life," observed Sam, "for New York is getting played out with me."

"Go to Europe, then—spend, say six thousand dollars in twenty months—and the change will be acceptable. Sam, you ought to go over."

"No I had; but, Bob, let's drink. Here's to woman."

"So, so—and that puts me in mind of having to go immediately. I have an engagement, and the time is hard up. It is with one of the gayest, prettiest little creatures as a body desires to see in a day's journey."

"Married or single?"

"Married, of course; lives in St. Mark's Place; husband imports largely, and is one of the lay members of the Methodist persuasion. But, Sam, although I smack my lips pretty stout and loud, she has got the littlest foot, wears the smallest gaiter—why, Sam, they can't be over one-and-a-quarter gaiter measure, if you believe me."

"How did you make her acquaintance, if I am not too inquisitive?"

"Through a lady friend of her's. Both live near each other—both go shopping together oftentimes. Both know each other's secrets—at least, so it seems. Will take you up and introduce you, one of these times."

"Thank you—many thanks. Take a fresh glass of sherry."

"I understand, Sam, from very reliable parties, that you have wormed yourself into what is called cracked aristocracy, eh?"

"About as high as any reasonable gent of our cloth would choose to ascend. I have got to face the music to-morrow evening at the opera."

"Possible! And I may be in the same boat with you—and with a young widow of three years' weeds. She has her own private box, wears her own jewelry, gems and diamonds, and, outside of all this, pays taxes on, well, say four hundred thousand dollars—easy."

"The devil she does. Please fill my diminutive goblet. Ah, there is nothing like knowing how to do certain affairs systematically! And do you seat yourself by her side, allowing a thousand *largnettes* to gaze away?"

"Certainly, and the owners of them to blaze away if they wish to," rejoined Underwood.

"How did you strike such a good paying vein, Bob, my good fellow?"

"Haven't time to explain—will tell you all one of these days. Don't surprise yourself, Sam, when I add that I have no less than four others—and just as sound on the pocket."

"Lucky fellow! It's a gay life, this not having to work, wearing always good clothes, and never without money."

"But what makes me worry and fret, *each lady wants an introduction to the other.*"

"What?"

"Just as I tell you. I'm obliged to play my points fine."

"By that, you are going it blind, I should say?"

"Well, yes," and the gay Underwood rather hesitated.

"And a fast death, too, I anticipate, so far as my goings and comings go in for a hearing. But, Bob, before you take your departure, permit me to say to you, confidentially, that from what you have told me I rather harbor the suspicion that your engagement to night is with one of my old flames."

"No, no, do you?"

"Shoot me if I don't."

"Speak her last name then?"

"But you may decline owning up if I should."

"Honor bright; there's my hand."

Slowly was the name whispered.

"By ——! You have, by all the powers on high Olympus, you have, you have!"

Both laughed heartily—shook hands, embraced, Sam exclaiming, "Me long lost brother!"

"Well, well! Singular, how things will come round so, isn't it?"

"Got nothing to say. Let's finish the wine. Great country, this! I think I can relish this glass of old brown sherry." Placing it near his lips he said——

"Well, here's to——"

"Don't name it—don't please, for *I've been!!*"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DAY AFTER A MARRIAGE

The departure of a son from beneath the paternal roof does not present any spectacle of desolation. Masculine life has from infancy an individuality, an independence, an exotism, so to say, which is essentially wanting to female existence. When a son abandons his parents to create for himself a separate interest, this separation causes but little interruption in their mutual relations. A man marries, and still maintains his friendships, his habits and his filial affections. Nothing is changed in life; it is only an additional tie.

His departure is consequently a mere simple separation; while the departure of a young girl, to become the wife in a few hours, is a real desertion—a desertion with all its duties and its feelings fresh about it. In one word, the son is a sapling which has always grown apart from the trunk; while the daughter has, on the contrary, formed an essential portion of it, and to detach her from her place is to mutilate the tree itself. You have surrounded her youth with unspeakable tenderness—the exhaustless tenderness of your paternal and maternal hearts; and she, in return, has appeared to pour forth upon you both an equally inexhaustible gratitude? You loved her beyond all the world, and she seemed to cling to you with a proportionate affection. But one day, an ill-omened day, a man arrives, invited and welcomed by yourselves; and this man of your own choice carries off to his domestic circle your gentle dove, far from the soft nest which your love has made for her.

On the morrow you look around you, you listen, you wait, you seek for something which you cannot find. The cage is empty; the tuneful linnet has flown; silence has succeeded to its melodious warblings; it does not come, as it did only on the previous morning, fluttering its perfumed wings about your pillow, and awakening you by its soft caresses. Nothing remains but a painful calm, a painful silence, a painful void. The chamber of the absent darling offers only that disorder which is so melancholy for a mother to contemplate; not the joyous and impatient disorder of occupation, but that of abandonment. Maidenly garments scattered here and there; girlish fancies no longer prized; chairs heaped with half-worn dresses; drawers left partially open, and ransacked to their remotest corners; a bed in which no one has slept; a crowd of charming trifles, which the young girl loved, but which the young wife despises, and which are littered over the carpet, like the feathers dropped by the linnet when the hawk made the timid bird its prey. Such is the depressing sight which wrings tears from the mother's heart. Nor is this all; from this day she occupies only the second place in the affections of her departed idol, and even that merely until the happiness of maternity shall have taught her for which she weeps to assign to her one still lower. This man, this stranger, unknown a few months, it may be a few weeks previously, has assumed a right over those affections which were almost entirely her own; a few hours of fleeting, and it may even be of assumed tenderness, have in a small degree sufficed to efface twenty long years of watchfulness, of care, of self-abnegation; and they have not only rent away her right to be the first and best-beloved, but they have also deprived her of the filial caresses, the gentle attentions and the adored presence of the heart's idol, whom she has herself given to him for life. Nothing is left to the mother but the attachment of respect. If she loves him, she leaves her home without regret, to follow his fortunes to the end of the world; if she does not love him, she will still perform the same duty with resignation. Nature and laws alike impose the obligation on her, and her own heart must decide whether it will constitute her joy or her trial, but in either case the result to the mother is the same. Nor can that mother reproach her with this painful preference, for she has reared her in the conviction of the necessity of marriage; she has herself offered to her its example in her own person; heaven itself has pointed it out as a duty whose omission is culpable; and, therefore, far from venturing to wish that the lost one should restore to her all the tenderness which time and habit may enable her to withdraw from her husband, the mother is bound, on the contrary, to pray that they may every day become dearer to each other, and by each other, even at the expense of her own happiness. This misfortune is the mother's last blessing.

THE ORIGIN OF NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

The November number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains an article headed "Stephen C. Foster," giving credence to, and trying to perpetuate a popular error, which gives credit to Daddy Rice as the first delineator, through songs, of negro character on the stage. This is not so, the facts in the case being as follows: Immediately after the battle of Plattsburg, while the country was yet in a whirl of joyous excitement consequent upon the nation's victories, the managers at the Albany, N. Y. Theatre, commenced, among other attractions for the evening's entertainment, an original song in character, entitled "The Battle of Plattsburg," by Pot Pie Herbert, at that time a noted personage in theatricals. When the curtain raised the crowded audience were astonished to see appear before them, dressed and blacked up, a man, the perfect representative of a full blooded African. When he commenced singing to an original air the excitement was great. The following is the opening verse:

"Back side Albany, Stan Lake Champlain,
Little pond half full o' water;
Plattsburg, too, stand close upon de main,
Town small; he grow bigger, dough, hereafter;
On Lake Champlain Uncle Sam he set he boat,
An' Massa McDonough he sail 'em,
While General Macomb makes Plattsburg he home,
Wid soldiers whose courage never fail 'em."

As the song proceeded in detail with the incidents of the battle, and the final success of the American arms, the excitement increased to the highest intensity, and the enthusiasm became uncontrollable. As the curtain descended, shouts, cheers and encores were blended in one confused din, and the curtain had hardly touched the floor when it was again rung up, and the song again sung; and this was repeated until the manager was compelled to apologise for the exhaustion of the singer, and promise its repetition on the following evening. The next day nothing was talked of in the city but the battle of Plattsburg, and for a long season it was the chief attraction at the theatre. The papers heralded it, and the managers of the Park Theatre in this city made arrangements with Pot Pie Herbert, and at the close of his Albany engagement he appeared at the Park to equally crowded and enthusiastic audiences. Daddy Rice did not jump "Jim Crow" until 1829, at Louisville, Ky., and made a hit. Nicholls, a clown, with Purdy Brown's Southern Circus, first sang Jim Crow as a clown; afterwards as a negro. Bob Farrell, a Western actor, sang "Zip Coon," composed by Nicholls. Nicholls composed "Clare de Kitchen." Sam Taimall, the equestrian, sang in character, "Back Side of Albany, five years before Rice's time. Bill Keller, a low comedian, first sang "Coal Black Rose." Barney Burns, an actor, first sang "The Long Tail Blue" and "Sich a Gitting Up Stairs." The original verses of "Jim Crow" ran in this manner.

"I went down to Creek, I went down a Fishing,
I axed the old Miller to gimmy chaw Tobacker
To treat old Aunt Hanner.
Chorus—First on de heel tap, den on de toe.
Ebery time I wheel about I jump Jim Crow.

I goes down to de Branch to pester old Miller,
I wants a little light wood;
I belongs to Capt. Hawkins, and don't care a d——n."

Thus the credit of the first negro songs does not belong, as has been so often stated, to T. D. Rice; and the song had its origin not alone in mere imitation of negro eccentricities, but in a direct allusion to and sympathy with the victims of the American army in its second struggle with Great Britain.

A PRACTICAL JOKE WITH PAINT.—In one of our Western cities lived two young fellows who painted signs for a livelihood. On a certain occasion one of the painters had some out-door business to attend to, and left the shop in charge of his partner and a boy who was employed to grind paint. During his absence, the partner, to gratify a whim, painted the boy so as to represent a large gash upon his forehead, and a cut over the eye. He besprattered the floor with red paint, clotted the boy's hair, and made him lie down in a corner, after which he painted a great gash on his own cheek, bared his bosom, disordered his dress, dipped a long-bladed knife in the red paint-pot, and patiently awaited the coming of his partner. Directly afterwards he heard him at the door, and then the performance commenced. The partner looked in at the door, and saw the boy prostrate on the floor, groaning and crying murder; chairs, tables, benches, jugs, and paint-pots being strewed round the floor in dire confusion, while the murderous-looking partner, with the red knife in his uplifted hand, was running through the room uttering wild and incoherent expressions. It was evident to the partner at the door that his partner had killed the boy. Swift as lightning he fled to obtain assistance, and a number of friends were speedily mustered, and repaired to the scene of the supposed terrible tragedy. The crowd augmented as it neared the shop, and in walked the whole posse; but in the meantime everything had been set to rights; the boy was without a mark of any kind, the room in perfect order, no marks of blood perceptible; and the man, who was engaged in lettering a sign, declared his utter ignorance of what his partner alluded to have occurred. The company left hinting to one another that the man who had seen the sight must be a little touched in the head, or suffering from illusions caused by too free a use of ardent spirits.

A CANDIED ATTEMPT AT LEGERDEMAIN.—A sharp youth borrowed a stick of candy from a little comrade, to show him that he could pull it out of his ear. He swallowed it, and then twisted himself into various ways to extract it, but at length informed his companion that he had forgotten that part of the trick.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14 1867.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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To Wholesale Dealers	6¼ "	" for 6 months	2 50
To Retail Agents	7 "	" for 3 months	1 25

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

AMATEUR.—The following is the process of coloring the face for Othello. The whole face must first be rubbed with pomatum, then apply a preparation called Spanish Brown, making the face a tawny tinge. Some persons mix the color with carmine, and, wetting it, apply it to the face, but it is not so good a way as the other. Chinese vermilion boiled in milk, and then suffered to dry, and afterwards mixed with about half the quantity of carmine, is a good color for making up the face. Previous to painting rub the face gently with a little pomatum on a napkin, then touch the cheek with a little hair powder, then lay on your color. A rabbit's foot is the best for distributing the paint. For lining the face to represent old age, use a piece of round wire, like a hair pin; this held in the smoke of a candle communicates a finer and a more distinct line than by dipping in India ink.

T. F. C., Boston, Mass.—"I make a bet on a certain prize fight. The parties, being interfered with, do not fight on the day named, but fight two days afterwards. In the meantime I have not drawn my money, neither has the other party spoken about it until such time as the fight comes off. Who wins?"......Rule 23, of the new rules, reads as follows:—"That, should the fight not be decided on the day, all bets shall be drawn, unless the fight shall be resumed the same week, between Sunday and Sunday, in which case the bets shall stand and be decided by the event."

A FRIEND, Baltimore, Md.—1. Aaron fought Scotty of Brooklyn for the light-weight championship, and didn't fight again until he met Sam Collyer. 2. Collyer is the present champion. 3. There is no help. 4 He beat Mike Carr, Race Bolster, Barney Aaron, Johnny McGlade and Billy Kelly, and was beaten by Barney Aaron. 5. Yes. 6 Tom King, who fought Heenan, is alive and well. 7. It was another party.

X. O. P., Lynn, Mass.—"A, B, C and D are playing high, low, Jack. A and B are partners against C and D; each are five; A deals; C begs; A gives one, which makes C and D six. Spades trumps, A takes first trick with Jack; A takes second trick with queen, which is high; C takes third trick with nine spot, which is low. Please state whether A and B or C and D win the game?" ......C and D win, their low counting before Jack.

NEMO.—"1. Suppose in the late election Hoffman had received 16,000 votes, Wood 14 000, and Darling 10,000. What plurality would Hoffman have had? 2. If a man receives less than half the total vote has he a majority or plurality election?"......1. Two thousand, as that would have been his plurality over Wood, his next highest competitor. 2. Plurality. To get a majority he must have more than half the total vote cast.

BOTTOM.—"Midsummer Night's Dream" was produced at the Park Theatre, in this city, Aug. 30, 1841, with the following cast of characters:—Bottom, W. H. Williams; Puck, Mrs Knight; Oberon, Charlotte Cushman; Helena, Susan Cushman; Theseus, Mr. Fredericks; Lysander, Wm. Wheatley; Quince, Mr. Fisher; Hermia, Miss Buloid. It ran until Sept. 4.

GEORGE M., Bloomington, Ill.—1. Heenan was undoubtedly "dosed" in that fight, and had he obtained his deserts he would have been awarded the stakes. King was beaten at one time, but it wasn't claimed for Heenan. 2. Coburn is really the champion. 3. Hyer was born in New York. 4. Jimmy Elliott was born in Athlone, Ireland, Sept. 12, 1844.

CURLEY, Brookline, Mass.—1. One mile was run in 4 minutes 17¼ seconds, by Lang, in a dead heat with Richards. 2. It would require more research than we can find time for to answer that question. 3. As Bussy did defeat Duffy, A is entitled to the money, of course.

PHILADELPHIA.—There is no building front on the northeast or Grace Church corner of Tenth street and Broadway. The building stands back quite a number of feet from the street line. It was once known as Phelan's Billiard Saloon; now the first floor is occupied by carriage manufacturers.

U., Sandusky, O.—Capt. Barclay walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours in 1809 commencing July 15. An English pedestrian, named Lambert, accomplished the same task at Stewart's Gymnasium, Boston, in 1857, beginning at 10 o'clock A. M. July 28.

T F. W., JR., New Rochelle, N. Y.—1. No. Patsy Reardon defeated him. 2. Cannot say positively, as to the money, but he was willing to meet him. 3. Possible, but not probable. 4. Sam Hurst was born in 1832. 5. Not at present, as the last edition is exhausted. 6. There's very little choice betwixt 'em.

NIXIE, New Castle, Pa.—1. He may obtain as much rest as possible, as long as he accomplishes a mile in each hour. 2. Capt. Barclay and Lambert walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours. 3. By Mark Grayson, as you will see by items elsewhere in this issue.

NOVICE Philadelphia, Pa.—1. By failing to accomplish the hundred mile feat, Weston forfeits three-fifths of the wager made by Mr. Goodwin, his backer. 2. They get whatever their backers choose to give them. The "Cast Iron Man" didn't get a dollar.

HENRY L., Albion, N. Y.—1. The fight between Hyer [illegible] Sullivan took place at Rock Point, Kent Co., Md., [illegible] 1849. 2. Morrissey and Sullivan fought at Bosto[illegible] Oct. 12, 1853.

SUMPTER, Philadelphia.—None [illegible] position, but if you[illegible] stand the same [illegible] agency [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] lives in this city. [illegible], 1863. 3. Mary Provost [illegible] some time since.

[illegible], Mass.—That story was concluded in No. 24, [illegible], Sept. 22, 1866. Cannot furnish the back numbers. You might procure them by advertising.

L. H. P., Boston, Mass.—Weston's backer forfeits six-tenths of the amount of his wager, $10,000, in consequence of Weston's failure to accomplish the 100 miles.

J. B., West Farms, N. Y.—1. Tom Hyer was born Jan. 1, 1819. 2. He beat Country McCluskey Sept 9, 1841. 3. He beat Yankee Sullivan February 7, 1849. 4. Died June 26, 1864.

B. AND W., Allegheny, Pa.—Coburn was born July 20, 1835. McCoole was born March 12, 1837, according to his own statement. Aaron Jones was born March 1, 1833.

C. B. B.—Weston's backer, according to the articles of agreement, forfeits three-fifths of his wager for failing to make 100 miles in 24 hours. Dave is 38 years of age.

AN OLD NEW YORKER, San Francisco.—As an end man and general performer Dan Bryant has no superior in the business. Ben Cotton is a better general performer than end man.

SPRING GARDEN, Philadelphia, Pa.—Heenan struck one of the stakes with his fist in the first round of his fight with Morrissey, but he didn't break it.

FOUR BROTHERS.—1. No gymnast has the exclusive right of performing any particular act. 2. From twenty five to fifty dollars a week.

K. W.—1. It would take up too much space to give you the particulars requested, and we have no time to answer correspondents by mail. 2. It depends entirely upon the weather.

J. Y. P., Washington.—1. The National's averages are the best that we have seen. 2. Fox's 1 out and 6 runs is also ahead of anything that has yet appeared.

FIRE COMPANY, Philadelphia.—We never saw a photograph of the minstrel referred to. Eph. Horn, at the Philadelphia Opera House, may have one.

D. WALKER, St. Clair.—Weston did not make one hundred miles in twenty-four hours during his walk from Portland, Me., to Chicago, Ill.

A COLLYER MAN, Baltimore, Md.—1. Better propound the question to the party yourself. 2. He is "the same puke."

W. M., Greenville, Miss.—The Jack turned up is counted, and a new hand must be dealt, the dealer retaining his deal.

BLUICH, Baltimore, Md.—Write to A. Gardner, photographer, Washington, D. C.

D. S., Bradford.—A forfeit should have accompanied your challenge.

SUBSCRIBER.—Call upon John Bogan, whose address will be found in another column.

REX, Washington, D. C.—Make application to Lubin Brothers, as per advertisement in another column.

SMART, Cincinnati, O.—The Russia is considered superior to the other Cunard steamers.

MARY LAND.—Send precise address to this office and we will send you a pamphlet giving full directions and information.

LOVER, Owego.—Josephine Tyson and F. L. Kent are traveling with Plunkett's dramatic company.

JAMES FALLY, Philadelphia, Pa.—Coburn stands 5 feet 9 inches in height.

F. A. K., Philadelphia.—It is said to be conducted fairly, but we should not advise you to go into it.

W. F. R.—Gen. D. E. Sickles lost his leg at the battle of Gettysburg.

L. R., Cincinnati, O.—Jimmy Carney beat Jack McCarty, near Louisville, Ky., July 25, 1859.

B. F. M., Lock Haven.—We never enter into such speculations.

W. B. P., Bangor, Me.—We never divulge the name of a correspondent.

'ABBY, Albany, N. Y.—Write to Uncle Bill Tovee, care of this office, stating the kind you want.

T. P. D., Fortress Monroe, Va.—Coburn is 5 feet 9 inches in height.

LOITERER, Chicago.—If you mail your letters on Wednesday of each week they will reach us in time.

CONSTANT READER, Randolph.—Eva Brent is at present at the Olympic, St. Louis, Mo.

LUCIUS, Boston.—A letter sent to the Syracuse, N. Y. Post Office will reach Mr. Wagner.

T. J. M., Memphis.—Sig. Guiseppe Cardella and Sig. Ximenes are different persons.

A. S. W., Milwaukee.—Fanny Elssler is the correct way of spelling the name.

CHAS. H. HENDLE, Washington, D. C.—He who bet on Collyer wins, of course. See reply to "T. F. C."

C. W. D., Hudson City, N. Y.—Clay & Cossack, lithographers, Buffalo, have them for sale. Price $1 plain; $1.50 colored.

C. H. DUPREZ.—Three dollars each insertion.

YOUNG SPORT, Dover, N. H.—It is not the same individual.

C. C., Brooklyn.—We cannot give you the exact proportions.

E. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. He forfeited the title by his refusal to meet Collyer at the latter's weight. 2. The limit of the light weight championship is 133lbs. 3. He engaged the hall mentioned, but the benefit didn't take place. 4. Union Square is bounded by 17th street on the north, 14th street on the south, 4th Avenue on the east and Broadway on the west. 5. Write to one of the brothers yourself. 6. Edwin Forrest's wife never appeared on the stage previous to being divorced from him. 7. Morrissey and Sullivan fought at Boston Four Corners, Oct. 12, 1853. 8. Yes.

F. J. V., Brooklyn.—"A, B and C, D, are playing euchre; C deals; A orders it up, and plays it alone. D says he plays it alone against A. What does D count, provided he euchres A?" ......Only that party who orders it up has the privilege of going alone, as he takes the responsibility of the trump. Consequently D has no right to go alone. Should D, however, euchre A, he, D, is entitled to two points for the euchre.

WRECKER OF OKOS BAY.—"In playing a game of casino there are on the table an ace and queen. My opponent makes it aces. I have a queen in my hand. Am I obliged to take up the queen and give him the chance of making a sweep, or can I let the cards lay on the table until the next hand?"......Having once played, the card must remain.

READER, Brookville, Pa.—If you were throwing raffles, three aces will beat 17, but are beaten by three deuces, three trays, etc.; if throwing the highest number they only count their faces, viz., 3. It is nonsense claiming that they count 21.

OTIS, Pleasant Hill.—The government license of $100 pays only for one State. You will have to pay a like amount for each State visited besides the city or town license, and in some States there is an additional county license.

J. F. C.—We are informed by a reliable gentleman, who speaks from actual knowledge, that Bob Travers was born in Greenock, Scotland, and that his mother now resides in Norfolk, Eng. He claims to have been born in this country.

G. E. M.—The Philadelphia Academy of Music is much larger than the Academy in this city. The Stadt Theatre in this city will seat more people than any other theatre, or opera house in this country.

WALKING GENT.—It is hard to say who will next try the management of Banvard's. Stone, Rosston and Murray were negotiating for it for circus performances, but have abandoned the idea.

ARTIST.—1. You can procure a license at Albany for the State. 2. There is such a book now going through the press, and will be published in about two or three weeks.

STAKEHOLDER.—Where no undue influences have been used to induce a party to make a wager on a certain matter, he who bets on a sure thing, and wins, is entitled to the money.

GAMMO, New Orleans.—We already had an article in type when yours reached us on the 9th, and as it embraced nearly the same matter of news, we omitted yours.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—The umpire should have called upon the B. club to continue the game, and upon their refusal, declared the A's to have won.

TOM.—1. The Henry rifle is manufactured at New Haven, Conn. 2. The Smith and Wesson arms are made at Springfield, Mass.

J. E. F.—1. He did play in the pantomime of "Jack and Gill." 2. There are now twenty-four regular theatres in London, Eng.

CIUS.—Bobby Newcomb, at present with the San Francisco party, is the same that was with Newcomb.

CONSTANT READER, Harlem.—The men who threw 46 take both prizes.

JULIUS MOSES, Cleveland.—No such drawing has ever taken place.

B.—There was no Republican Congressman elected from this city in 1866.

M. F. C., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Write to Jas. McKay, care of this office.

MELNOT.—It is the custom with some companies, but not with all.

READER.—B. is right and you are wrong. The blind being $1, and the straddle $2, it costs the next player $6 to come in.

MRS. F. J. M.—A letter sent to this office will reach him, as we hear from him every week.

S. H. B.—High deals, and Jack is the highest card.

BLUE RUIN, Detroit.—A wins both bets.

WM. BARLOW.—For three months (13 times) $9.36.

J. G., Saville.—The notice comes to $2.70.

J. F. M.—The Collyer Dramatic Association is defunct.

SAM.—The *old* Broadway Theatre had three tiers and a parquet.

READER.—They have a private residence in Fiftieth street.

J. DOUGLAS C.—Will appear shortly.

J. D. S., Boston, Mass.—See answer to "T. F. C."

LUSH, Washington, D. C.—See answer to "T. F. C."

ROGER PLANT, Chicago.—Sent answer by mail.

NINTH AVENUE.—B wins.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

We have always labored under the idea that the CLIPPER gives reports of all the most important sporting events transpiring in the United States. We know that we are kept posted, by correspondents, of everything of a sporting nature going on outside of New York, while our own *corps* of reporters for the home district keep us advised of proceedings in and adjacent to the city. But of late we have been puzzled, yes, puzzled, at what appeared to be the enterprise of some of the daily papers in giving their readers copious reports of sporting events of which we knew nothing at all. Day after day, for months, have these papers treated their patrons to full details of prize fights going on right in our midst, of which previously we had not heard the slightest whisper. Wrestling, leaping, running, and other affairs of a sportive nature, were daily chronicled by these enterprising dailies as a matter of course. We could not understand [illegible] names of the parties figuring in these events we[illegible] known to us; none of our sporting friend[illegible] them, had never heard of them. [illegible] day brought forward it[illegible] match, with [illegible] this [illegible] [illegible] made to do the fight[illegible] were sporting myths, and that the events so regularly recorded were the imagination of some impecunious scribbler, and so the result of our investigations has proved the real facts to be. The majority of the fights and other matters reported with such "enterprise" were all invented for the purpose, and sold to the little papers as items of important news. The writers were men who never saw a prize fight, but who managed to "read up" by the aid of the CLIPPER; they spun out their "reports" according to the demand, and the prices of their articles were regulated by the number of rounds in a prize fight, the distance run in a foot race, etc. These manufactured affairs were sold to publishers, who never inquired whether there was any truth in them or not, and who probably did not care. Quite a number of scribblers were interested in this "Bureau of News," each member getting a share of the proceeds of the sales of "the manufactured article." This is the true state of the case, and this is the way our enterprising contemporaries have been humbugging their readers for months. Now that we have exposed "the little game," it is to be hoped that our contemporaries will hereafter deal in facts, and cut off their connection with the Bohemians who have been deceiving them and their readers.

SOMEBODY'S STOCKING."—This is the suggestive title of a very pretty little Christmas story by Olive Logan. It is just short enough to be read while you are waiting for toast and tea; just crisp enough to warm you up to recollections of the days when *you* hankered after "Somebody's Stocking;" and sufficiently interesting to enlist your attention from title page to F for figs, F for jigs, N for knucklebones, and I S for jack stones. And we *might* add that it is so cheap that nobody need be without a "Sombody's Stocking." It introduces us to a clever little *ballet* girl, whose misfortunes, etc.; to a circus performer, whose life has not been altogether one of sugar plums; and to our old young friend the call boy, whose calling is to fall in love with every pretty face, and every pretty l-l-imb of the *ballet* that he ever saw. Miss Olive Logan's Stocking Story is published by the American News Company, and for sale by all book and news dealers. Go in for "Somebody's Stocking."

THE SKATER'S MANUAL.—There is admittedly no recreation more exhilarating or beneficial, mentally as well as physically, than that of skating, and we are gratified to perceive the great interest manifested therein of late years by the young and old of both sexes, rendering it essentially our national pastime during the reign of the frosty monarch. An instructive little pamphlet upon the subject, bearing the above title, has just been issued by Peck & Co. It is from the pen of Ed. L. Gill, of the New York Skating Club—a gentleman thoroughly competent, being a fine skater himself—and explains the *modus operandi* of cutting all those mystifying and complicated figures which both please and astonish the spectators.

THE RESULT.—Owing to circumstances over which Fernando Wood and William Darling had no control, John T. Hoffman was re-elected Mayor of this city on the 3d inst., by the handsome majority of 21,000 over the vote of his opponents combined. Such an immense majority was not looked for even by the most enthusiastic of Mr. Hoffman's supporters. It will be seen, therefore, as predicted in our last, that one of the three candidates alluded to was elected, which is another proof of the mysterious influence of the CLIPPER.

FAST FEMININES.—The report is circulated that in Lexington, Ky., there is a ladies' club where smoking, billiards, knitting, crochet, cards, sewing machines and liquor are permitted, but no admission given to the masculine gender. Very unfair on the part of the fair, we think.

TELLING FORTUNES.

The city is full of fortune tellers, false prophets and seers. Some affect to tell your fortune by means of the planets, others by tea grounds, and most of all by the aid of cards. These seers can tell your future whether you be present or absent: others, by merely looking at your palm, proclaim your future destiny. A few days since, while quietly counting our profits after the labors of the week were ended, a very pretty young girl entered our sanctum, and, with a bright smile which haunts us still, with a *deck* of plain playing cards she *decorated* our desk, at the same time requesting the pleasure of telling our fortune. *Our* fortune! As if an editor of a newspaper ever had a fortune! "Not to-day, Miss," we said, as we *bunched* the *deck* and *passed* them to her; she made them *straight*, while a *flush* suffused her cheeks, and she seemed too *full* for utterance; she retorted, at last, that she didn't come up *one pair* of stairs to be beaten at her own *game* with such a *hand* as ours. "Having no fortune, my dear," we said, jocosely, "how can you tell it? No! no! The cards too often play us false. We'll none of them." "I don't want to *brag*," said the lovely maiden, whose eyes shone like light from coal oil, "but you can't *bluff* me in that way." "What's your little game, my dear?" we asked in blandest tones. "*Poker!* Put up your ante." "Now, look here," we replied, growing deliciously angry, "we don't know you from a basket of *chips*, and as we are a plain *dealer*, we tell you we do not wish to engage in any game." "Perhaps a hand at *Euchre* will *suit* you best," said the persistent beauty. "You had better *pass out* of here, miss," we responded, "or we'll have to *order up* some one to *assist us* to *put you out*, for we can have six or *seven up* here in a moment if we but give the *cue*." "I *beg* you'll do no such *trick*," said our female friend, "for I can *go alone* if it comes to that." "To be sure it would be a *low game* to resort to such a *high*-handed breach of etiquette," we responded, "but our *honor* counts before *cards*, you know, and what would our *religious* subscribers say should any of them chance to *call* in upon us, and get a *sight* of our proceedings?" "You're words have set my *heart* all in a flutter; the *game* is yours. Henceforth I discard all editorial cards, and play for *diamonds* elsewhere. *Au revoir*, my dear," said she; "sweet love adieu," was our reply. Had that bewitchingly beautiful little creature carried her wares into the sanctums of some of our religious contemporaries, she might have succeeded in her little game; but virtue is *our* strong card; it is a safe barrier against the wiles and machinations of all fortune tellers, and provides us with a strong hand for the guidance of our double decker. The last we saw of our lovely little female friend she was wending her way toward the office of *The Independent.*

PEDESTRIANISM ON THE RAMPAGE.—Since Weston commenced his pedestrian feat of walking from Portland, Me., to Chicago, Ill., everybody seems to have contracted the foot fever; for, as will be seen by the CLIPPER's columns, all sorts of walking enterprises are entered into, from the ridiculous and funny to the serious and earnest. This is a good sign, and the use of the legs more than is common deserves approval, and needs prompting among the feminine as well as the masculine gender; for if there is one fault graver than another in the neglect of the physical system in these United States, it is the lazy habit of riding short distances in fine weather, to the detriment of health and physique, by both sexes, as is evidenced by the crowded state of our city railroad cars. It is not an uncommon thing for women, and men too, for that matter, to stop a car and get on to ride as few as three or four blocks, when they might have walked it in much less time, thus displaying their laziness, injuring their health, and annoying those who are compelled to ride long distances or are in a hurry, by crowding and delaying the vehicle. Common sense should teach them better, and we hope that Westonianism may have a great effect in remedying the evil, to the end that rosy cheeks, graceful forms, muscular limbs and good temper may be cultivated.

WALKING!—Everybody's on the walk. If you want to collect a little bill, the party of the first part has just started off on a walk to Chicago; if you desire to favor a friend with your company to dinner, ten chances to one that the friend is walk[illegible] Great Salt Lake. If you dress yourself in yo[illegible] clothes, and call upon the idol of your h[illegible] be idling her time in walking wit[illegible] has much to answer for.

CHIEF [illegible]

[illegible]

DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL[illegible]

[illegible] pinched [illegible] various misunder[illegible] sex, which both of them [illegible] they have met with anything but

[illegible] the comfort and convenience of hunting [illegible], the Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Lafayette [illegible] a car fitted up especially for their accommoda[illegible] has berths for sleeping and utensils for cooking, etc. The car is switched off on a side track convenient to the happy hunting or fishing ground, as the case may be.

A BOATMEN'S CLUB is about to be established in this city, at least so it was resolved at a meeting held at Collins' Hotel, in Canal street, on the evening of the 7th inst.

RICHARD DALTON MUSKETEERS.—The annual target excursion of this company is fixed for Tuesday, Dec. 17. They go to Elm Park, Staten Island.

ALVORD ASSOCIATION.—The annual ball of the C. A. Alvord Association is to be held at the New York Assembly Rooms, 28th street and Broadway, on the 13th inst.

A SWIMMING CHALLENGE appears in our advertising columns from Gurr, the champion of England. Any one wishing to enter into a contest of this kind will do well to make an early reply.

WHERE TO BUY YOUR SKATES.—Alfred Woodham, of 424 Broadway, is first in the field with his celebrated New York Club and other styles of skates.

"AMERICAN NOTES."—A new issue of American Notes, by Dickens, is for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS are pronounced sinful affairs by the Rev. Mr. Walk, of Bourbon Co., Ky. What says he of church fairs, with lotteries attached?

QUICK TRAVELING.—The East India mail from San Francisco, overland, arrived in this city on the 5th inst., in fourteen days.

BALLOON VS. LOCOMOTIVE.—A late race in Missouri, between a railroad train and a balloon, resulted in favor of the latter.

COL. O'ROURKE REPLIES TO COL. MONSTERY.

Who is the Best Swordsman in the Country?

We have received the subjoined communication from Col. O'Rouke in response to Col. Monstery's acceptance of his *defi* published in the columns of a cotemporary last spring, to which we direct the attention of the latter, hoping that a satisfactory understanding may be arrived at, which will give their friends and the public generally an opportunity of seeing their respective merits practically tested:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—*Sir.*—My attention has been called to an article in your paper of the 30th ultimo headed—"Col. Monstery to Col. O'Rourke." It is obvious that your correspondent has not read the challenge he accepts, as he fixes the date of publication in June or July (a rather wide margin) instead of May 19th. He is equally vague with regard to his whereabouts or the period at which his reply was written, having failed to give either date or location. He expresses his willingness to meet "fencing masters" with any weapon with which he is familiar, but fails to state what that weapon is. If Col. Monstery desires to try his skill as a swordsman, and will take the trouble to address me, direct, at No. 76 Nassau street, we may be able to conclude some arrangement that will be mutually satisfactory. Respectfully yours,

NEW YORK, Dec. 7, '67. MATTHEW J. O'ROURKE.

SKITTLES.

ANOTHER SKITTLE VICTORY FOR THE KING.—The return match between the rival novices from King and Cleaver's establishments—the result of the first of which was given in our last issue—was played at 320 Eighth avenue, on the 4th inst., instead of election night, as announced, and terminated in another victory for the King party, by a tally of 11 to 8. There was a large gathering present, and the Cleaver party were somewhat kerflummuxed—if our readers know what that means—by the frequent bursts of applause, while King's subjects kept cool, and by their success were so elated that the place was scarcely big enough to hold them, and they procured a rooster, who proclaimed their victory in shrill notes from the counter, over which foaming ale, 'alf an' 'alf, and various other beverages were dispensed in a manner which must have made the spirits of all, especially the jolly host, feel light and gay.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FROM NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA IN 26 HOURS.

FRANK M'INTIRE IN A NEW ROLE.

The sporting public of the metropolis and vicinity have for some days past been not a little exercised over a fresh and genuine sensation in the pedestrian line, wherein that prominent member of the division, Frank McIntire, figures as the principal personage. One day last week a party of gentlemen were gathered together in a down-town resort of admirers of every species of athletic pastimes, discussing a little of all sorts, when the conversation turned upon the recent Westonian exploit, which has done more to promote the cause of pedestrianism than anything which ever transpired in this country, as is plainly evinced by the spirit of emulation everywhere observed, reports coming to us daily of similar trials on a miniature scale. The why and the wherefore of his not accomplishing the one hundred mile feat was expatiated upon, with apparently sound logic, by those who did and those who didn't believe he had the ability to do so, resulting in the former side appearing to clinch their argument by backing Frank McIntire, who was present, to walk from New York to Philadelphia in twenty-six hours. The other party was willing, and articles were at once drawn up and signed, according to the terms of which Frank is to start from Jersey City and walk to the Quaker City in the said time, commencing on Friday, Dec. 13th, between the hours of 11 o'clock A. M. and 2 o'clock P. M. He is to be accompanied by two judges in carriages, viz.: Henry McDermott on behalf of C. R. Radcliff, and Peter Y. Everett on behalf of James Underhill. John Grindell, the old time ten miler, will also go with him as attendant. James Lee holds the stakes, we are told, which are stated to be the good round sum of $5,000. In case there should be snow on the ground at the time mentioned for the start, it is to be postponed, and if any drawbridge is open along the route, causing detention, such time as may be lost thereby will be allowed McIntire. The meet is to be at Tommy Burns' saloon, 14 Ann street, at 10 o'clock A. M., on the 13th. McIntire is a Philadelphian by birth, stands 5ft 9¼in. in height, weighs 164 pounds "as he stands," and is well known by reputation all over the country, having trained Coburn for his first battle with McCoole, the "Cast Iron Man" and Rockey Moore when they fought Rooke, as well as having been engaged in a number of minor affairs, and will have charge of Joe when he commences preparations for his next meeting with the Western Giant. He will wear his usual citizen's dress, and purposes taking the pike, by which the distance will be about 110 miles, striking in at Kensington and coming to a halt at the Continental Hotel. He expresses the utmost confidence in his ability to do it and his numerous friends echo his desire for success. Joe Coburn will also accompany him.

MICKEY FREE IN THE FIELD AGAIN.—Our old friend, Robert Harriot, better known in sporting circles as "Mickey Free," and a pedestrian of considerable note some years ago, has caught the prevailing pedestrian fever, and is to come before the public once more in one of his remarkable feats. On Thursday, 12th inst., at Mr. James Hopkins' St Ronan's Well, Flushing, Long Island, Mickey announces that he will attempt the feat of walking one hundred and ten hours without sleep or rest, or leaving the platform, to commence at 7 o'clock, A. M., on that day. The price of admittance is fixed at the low rate of ten cents. Mr. Harriot is now 48 years of age, and in the last 23 years has won many matches, beating some of the best men in England, Ireland and America. His first match in this country was with Wm. Taylor, of Jersey City, beating him in a five mile race on Union Course. He next, he states, performed the feat of walking 1 000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours in Jersey City. He ran 10 miles and jumped 1,000 hurdles, 3 feet high, at Bergen, N. J., in 1 hour and 56 minutes. He also ran 5 miles against the celebrated horse Jack Rossiter, while he was trotting 10, winning easily. He was also on the grand march with General Sherman, serving his adopted country four years, receiving an honorable discharge. Mickey has issued the following CHALLENGE.—I will walk Weston, or any other man, 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, for $1,000, ten days after the above match, at the same place. ROBERT HARRIOT.

SWI GLASS LAGER.—The great Weston feat has excited a spirit of emulation among the rising, and some of the risen, generation everywhere throughout the country, and some of the feats attempted assume the humorous, as witness the following. A youthful but muscular wrestler with the beverage which most delighteth the heart of our Teutonic fellow citizens, having walked around the Common at Boston in less than twelve minutes, made a wager that he could walk the same distance again, carrying an eight gallon keg filled with lager on his shoulder, in thirty minutes. Two hundred dollars was the inducement for Joachim to make the attempt. The money was covered and judges appointed. The starting place was the corner of the Common, on Park street. In the presence of a small party of his friends, Joachim came to time and shouldered his keg, starting off with a firm step and one that meant victory. Passing up Park street he made the hill quickly, with wind unimpaired. Beacon street was down-hill work and comparatively easy, but the stretch across Charles street drew the short breath. Boylston street [illegible] than usual, but the pedestrian was [illegible] Tremont street was turned [illegible] 17 minutes. The [illegible] shoulder than it did [illegible] pressed on, and [illegible]

[illegible] side and [illegible] inst. Harding won. [illegible] De Kelso five seconds.

[illegible] AND TURNER.—A half a mile dash took [illegible] nati, O., for $100 a side, on the 2d inst., betwe[illegible] ners, the latter winning.

BAGATELLE.

EIGHT HANDED BAGATELLE MATCH.—On Friday evening, 6th inst., the return game of bagatelle between four players on either side from the rival establishments of Tom King and Bob Campbell, drew together an extensive crowd of lovers of the game to the Thistle House, 43d street and 10th avenue. The The honor of the house of King was upheld by Tom Harris, Jem Carson, "Black Diamond" and Charley Goodale, while Jem Rankin, Jack Stewart, Jem Berryman and the identical Bob Campbell, "mine host," maintained the reputation long since gained by the hostelrie named after the national emblem of bonnie Scotland. The play was excellent on both sides, that of Harris eliciting frequent and prolonged applause, and after a close and exciting game of nearly an hour's duration, victory perched upon the banner of the Thistlers, who scored 402 to 328, amid the enthusiastic demonstrations of their partisans. The games concluded, the participants and a select circle of friends and boon companions adjourned to the dining room, where they evidenced their appreciation of the hostess' abilities *a la cuisine* by the manner in which they threw themselves outside the excellent cold collation provided for their delectation. A game each having been won by the parties, the third and deciding tilt will take place at the Brewery Shades, West 41st st., on Thursday evening, 12th inst., at 8 o'clock, when a lively time may be anticipated.

BILLIARD AND BAGATELLE MATCH.—On the night of the 4th instant, Bill Cleaver matched Charley Williams, late opponent of Tim Flynn, against Frederick Mitchelson, to play two matches, both French caroms, 51 points up, the first at bagatelle, and the second at billiards. Fifty dollars a side is the amount to be played for, and $20 a side was posted at the making of the match. The bagatelle match will be played at Cleaver's Half-Way House, 320 Eighth avenue, on the 18th inst., at 8 o'clock, P. M., and the billiard match at the St. Charles Billiard Rooms, Eighth avenue, between Forty-first and Forty-second streets, on the evening of Wednesday, 11th inst.

BALL PLAY.

AVERAGES OF THE OLYMPIC THEATRE CLUB.

This organization, which is the champion theatrical club of New York, played seven games during the past season, winning all but one. They defeated the Fifth Avenue and Bowery Theatre Clubs twice each, and the Broadway and New York Clubs once each. They were defeated by the Bowery Club in the return game. In these games they scored 236 runs to 137, giving them an average of 30 to a match and 26 over. The Olympics were not organized till September, but their season, although short, has been very successful.

The following are the averages of the players:—

Names.	Games	Outs	Average	Runs	Average	Home Runs	Clean Score	Blank Score
M. L. Sutton	7	7	1–0	39	5–4	4	2	0
Owen Marlowe	7	10	1–3	36	5–1	1	2	0
W. H. Daly	7	13	1–6	32	4–4	7	1	0
W. Saunders, Jr	7	19	2–5	25	3–4	5	0	0
E Milton	5	12	1–7	22	3–2	0	0	0
J. B. Howland	6	18	3–0	18	3–0	4	0	0
Mark Quinlan	7	24	3–3	18	2–4	0	0	0
J. J. Wallace	4	16	4–0	11	2–3	0	0	0
C. K. Fox	5	24	4–4	9	1–4	1	0	0
C. Jefferson	3	4	1–1	10	3–1	0	0	0

BASE BALL AVERAGES.—We have to request secretaries of clubs to be particular when sending their averages to us to include only the names of those players who have engaged in five or more games. In this connection we desire to return thanks to Mr. Joseph Y. Potts, the scorer of the National Club of Washington, D. C., for the exhaustive and elaborate analysis of the season's play of his club which he favored us with, and which was published in last week's CLIPPER.

CANINE.

DUFFY MAKES ANOTHER CALL.—In a recent issue of the CLIPPER, John Duffy, of Philadelphia, made a proposition to fight "dorgs" against either Brown, Jennings or Turner, in the City of Brotherly Love. As no response has been received, Duffy, who means business and nothin' shorter, says he will accept reasonable expenses and fight in New England. If this isn't accepted by the 17th inst., he will withdraw the money deposited as forfeit.

NOT HIS'N.—J. Brown wishes to state that the dog he fought against Jennings lately was none of his breed, he merely seconding him for a friend. Jess so!

ABOUT THAT ROLLING MILL DOG.—The offer made by Harry Jennings several weeks since, has elicited the appended response:—

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 4th, 1867.

ED. N. Y. CLIPPER.—In your issue of Nov. 30th, I noticed a card from H. Jennings, proposing to fight the 'Rolling Mill Dog," of St. Louis, for $1,000 or $2,000 a side, three hundred miles east of Boston. Now, I have the Rolling Mill Dog; but his weight is 28lb. I will fight him against any 28lb in the country, for $500, open for $1,000, and allow the pit money to any one wishing to come here to fight; or I will fight him and meet anybody in Memphis. J. FITZGERALD.

BILLIARDS.

DION AND McDEVITT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

By the time this paper reaches the majority of its readers the pending match between John McDevitt, of this city, and Joseph Dion, of Montreal, for the championship of America, and a supplemental stake of $1,000, will have been decided. The hall has been engaged, the posters have been issued, and, although at last accounts McDevitt had not put the whole of his money up, $150 being lacking, it is believed that he is now in Montreal fully prepared to play. It is useless to attempt to disguise the fact that McDevitt has not been playing well, and for this reason few of his friends express confidence in his ability to wrest the champion cue from so finished a player as Dion. There is one thing, however, which is overlooked by those who despair of McDevitt's success, and are overweeningly confident of Dion's, and that is that numbers of players, who, in practising, have played one-third, and even one-half better than their opponents, have been beaten by the latter when the day of trial came. The making of large runs and averages in practice games tends, as a matter of course, to elevate the ideas of the player; and should he, in his match, fail to come up to his expectations by reason of the defensive tactics adopted by the opponent, he is certain to become despondent, and apt to "go all to pieces." "Those who hope for the least are likely to get the most," is an approved maxim, and quite as applicable to the billiard match as to anything else. Dion has been playing much better than formerly, with his brother for an opponent; McDevitt, having this, that, and the other expert to *oppose*, and not to *exhibit* him, has been playing worse than formerly. By this time he must have become pretty well used to playing comparatively bad, and it is not likely to discourage him should he in the match fail to run hundreds at the start. Dion, on the other hand, has been running hundreds four or five times in almost every one of the games he has played with his accommodating brother, and he doubtless expects to run hundreds two or three times in the match. It should be McDevitt's care, as doubtless it will be his aim, to deny him the opportunities. Admitting, as the practice games of the two men would seem to indicate, that Dion is the better player, should the latter fail to make a large run during the first half of the match the chances are good that he will not make it in the last half especially if McDevitt should run him close. At the same time, while presenting these views for the consideration of those interested, we think that, in view of Dion's victories over McDevitt, the odds should be in Dion's favor. It was 100 to 50 and 40 before the last match began, and ought to be at least that now. It would not surprise us greatly, though, were some of the more enthusiastic of Dion's friends in the States to offer 100 to 25, in the absence of prompt takers at 100 to 40 and 50; but it certainly would surprise us greatly should any bettor allow this long odds to remain untaken whenever offered.

Next week we shall have a full report of the game, which is to be played at Mechanics' Hall, Montreal, on the 11th inst.

MATCH BETWEEN McDEVITT AND COON,

FOR A PURSE OF $250.

On the 30th ult., in Chicago, John W. Coon, of that city, and John McDevitt, of this, tried conclusions at the American, or four-ball game, on a second-sized table, for a purse of $250. There was a goodly gathering of the more reputable sports of that lively city, and it is stated that the odds of $100 to $50 on McDevitt went a-begging. The general opinion was that that player would be an easy winner, but "the best laid plans of mice and men oft gang aglee." The balls ran for Coon as though made for his exclusive use, while, when McDevitt attempted to manœuvre them, they cut up all sorts of antics. Twice, however, he got a firm hold of them, and scored 392 and 228. The playing was brilliant, especially on the part of Coon, who is at all times a dashing cueist. As a "nurser," he is weak.

In "stringing" for lead and choice of balls, McDevitt was unsuccessful. Coon drew ahead on his first four runs, but McDevitt on his fifth innings, by fine play, got the three balls in line, and ran 392 when a miscue broke him up. Coon at once ran 105, and soon after 191, turning him on his fifth hundred but 17 points behind. The next few innings were to the advantage of Coon, who led 11 points at the close of his fifth hundred. McDevitt played steadily and carefully, but the playing of Coon astonished all. He used his cue with the utmost precision, and the balls seemed voluntarily to roll together over the table. On his twentieth innings Coon ran 126 off the three balls by beautiful "nursing" before he froze. He was then 71 ahead. From this point the game slackened, small runs only being made. On his twenty-ninth innings Coon ran 163 by brilliant play, and held his ball for safety. Coon turned his eight hundred 235 ahead, led 271 at the end of his ninth, and by a run of 112 on his thirty-seventh innings turned his thousand 349 ahead. McDevitt's play around the table was very good, but he was unable to obtain good breaks, and his runs were small. Coon continued to gain rapidly up to the fifty-second innings, when McDevitt, by a series of careful shots, brought the three balls again into line, this time against the middle rail, and left off with 228—128 behind. Coon had but 126 to go, and in seven innings more he brought the game to a close, beating McDevitt 241 points. The following is the score:—

COON.—16. 12, 0, 60, 0. 105, 0, 5, 40, 9, 191, 0, 50, 6, 1, 14, 3, 3, 0, 126, 3, 5, 0, 2, 69, 32, 6, 6, 1, 163, 9, 3, 33, 6, 9, 2, 112, 50, 13, 0, 20, 26, 0, 9, 50, 3, 0, 11, 2, 0, 5, 48, 14, 0, 23, 3, 0, 5, 9, 0, 0, 20, 5, [illegible]

[illegible]

CONTEST FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ILLINOIS.

RHINES VS. HONAHAN.

[illegible] the playing was not up to the average of either, yet both at times elicited rounds of applause by the delicate and skilful manner in which they manipulated the balls. Rhines sustained his reputation for greater delicacy of touch than his opponent, although the latter made the highest run, 211, which, however, did not prevent his being beaten 226 points. At the conclusion of the game, the victor was greeted with cheers and applause. The following is the score:—

Rhines.—2, 2, 0, 7, 31, 5, 0, 3, 76, 4, 0, 2, 2, 1, 31, 0, 46, 9, 8, 6, 7, 52, 3, 0, 9, 42, 0, 56, 5, 0, 3, 4, 5, 6, 50, 25, 37, 1, 43, 3, 3, 0, 7, 12, 27, 0, 5, 2, 106, 0, 27, 161, 0, 0, 5, 3, 0, 0, 0, 8, 4, 0, 0, 0, 3, 162, 5, 3, 7, 21, 0, 12, 2, 7, 6, 5, 4, 1, 0, 0, 0, 9, 1, 5, 20, 0, 2, 2, 4, 27, 0, 0, 20, 6, 0, 3, 17, 4, 0, 2, 6, 0, 2, 8—1,500.

Average.—14 58-103. Largest runs—162, 161, 78, 76.

Honahan.—0, 7, 3, 5, 4, 0, 11, 7, 7, 7, 0, 5, 0, 0, 6, 4, 5, 10, 3, 3, 6, 21, 5, 2, 36, 19, 6, 0, 26, 6, 7, 11, 3, 12, 0, 5, 8, 211, 9, 5, 3, 22, 9, 18, 39, 0, 0, 4, 11, 41, 11, 4, 0, 0, 70, 0, 2, 9, 13, 31, 2, 8, 23, 8, 20, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 5, 7, 2, 0, 3, 6, 42, 11, 46, 7, 10, 3, 2, 1, 4, 32, 8, 0, 0, 41, 2, 2, 20, 5, 12, 0, 6, 11, 15, 3, 0, 2, 2, 0—1,274

Average—2 38-103. Largest runs—211, 70.

Summary.—Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, Dec. 4.—Match for the championship of Illinois between Henry Rhines and Michael Honahan. Carom game, 1,500 points up, on a Phelan & Collender second sized four pocket table, with 2⅜-inch balls.

Score.—Rhines, 1,500; Honahan, 1,274. Innings, 103. Winner's average, 14 58-103; loser's, 12 38-103. Highest runs—Rhines, 162, 161; Honahan, 211, 70. Time of game—4 hours and 43 minutes. Referee, John McDevitt. Marker—James Cusick.

MATCH AT THE THREE-BALL GAME BETWEEN WILLIAM WICKS AND ISIDORE GAYRAUD.—On the 5th inst., the first of the series of French games for $100 a side, was played by these men at McDevitt & Wizeman's rooms on Sixth Avenue, the latter giving the former the odds of 23 points in 150. The contest was very exciting, Wicks having at one time eight points to make, and Isidore, who had just put in a run of 23, but one. The chances were largely in favor of Isidore; nevertheless, Wicks, playing pluckily, ran the required 8, and thus "snatched the chestnut out of the fire." While the loser was commiserated, the winner was warmly applauded. The score is appended. Each shot counted one, misses not being reckoned.

WICKS—0, 1, 1, 0, 1, 6, 5, 0, 0, 1, 1, 1, 2, 5, 0, 2, 2, 6, 0, 2, 2, 0, 1, 0, 8, 5, 6, 0, 0, 0, 1, 1, 0, 0, 5, 3, 13, 4, 0, 3, 0, 1, 3, 2, 0, 6, 0, 3, 6, 1, 0, 3, 2, 1, 0, 8.—Total, 150. Average, 1⅜.

ISIDORE—1, 3, 4, 4, 5, 0, 0, 2, 2, 0, 4, 0, 0, 3, 1, 1, 2, 6, 0, 1, 0, 3, 7, 4, 1, 3, 0, 0, 5, 4, 0, 2, 4, 15, 0, 3, 1, 4, 8, 0, 1, 1, 6, 5, 0, 0, 0, 4, 3, 0, 0, 2, 1, 23, 0.—Total, 149. Average, 2.

The second game was played on the night following before a large audience. As will be seen by the score below, Isidore was successful, his majority being 18 points. The playing of both was better than on the previous evening:—

WICKS.—(23 odds)—1, 1, 5, 0, 5, 1, 0, 1, 1, 18, 2, 2, 2, 0, 3, 2, 0, 1, 1, 9, 0, 4, 10, 2, 0, 0, 1, 5, 7, 1, 0, 2, 1. Total, 132; average, 2 1-7th.

Isidore.—2, 4, 0, 8, 1, 0, 1, 1, 1, 0, 13, 0, 1, 0, 1, 6, 2, 0, 5, 0, 14, 0, 3, 2, 4, 3, 8, 8, 2, 0, 8, 2, 1, 0, 5, 0, 3, 1, 0, 11, 1, 0, 1, 0, 0, 1, 3, 9, 4, 3, 2. Total, 150; average, 3.

Each having won a game, they have agreed to double the number of points in the one which is to decide the match, and which is to be played on Tuesday, 11th inst. The proposition to make the game 300 points up emanated from Isidore, who has contracted to give Wicks the odds of 50 points.

OPENING OF A ROOM IN CINCINNATI.—On the 22d ult., the new billiard rooms at the Gibson House were formally opened. A very large crowd was in attendance, and all the games played during the evening were closely watched. Among the billiard celebrities present were Messrs. John McDevitt, of New York; James Morris and Charles Taylor, of Chicago, and the veteran, Phil, Tieman, of that city. These gentleman arrived from Chicago early in the day, where they had been to open a new room for Mr. Charles Wilson, which is stocked with eight of Balke's nonpareil tables. The first game of the evening was played between Messrs. McDevitt and Tieman, and was won by the latter, who scored three hundred points to two hundred and forty for Mr. McDevitt. The second game was played by Charles Davis, of Nashville, and Mr. Morris, of Chicago, and was won by the former, who made an average of 42 6-7 in 300 points.

MATCH IN UTICA.—On the 5th inst. there was a match at Griffin's Hall, between the cities of Syracuse and Utica, Mr. Davis representing the former city, and Mr. Ackerman the latter. The game was caroms, 1,200 points up, Davis giving Ackerman 250. Mr. Griffin was umpire for Davis and Mr. Wm. H. Taylor filled the same position for Ackerman, while Mr. Cronyer, of Toronto, Canada, was chosen referee and Mr. Charles Wyman scorer. The game began about half-past eight and closed at half-past eleven, with Mr. Davis the winner. The average of each gentleman was very low, indeed. The playing throughout was not what could be called even fair, although some good shots were made on both sides. But little money, aside from the stakes, changed hands.

MATCH GAMES IN ERIE, PENN.—On the 2d inst., at Wayne Hall, Erie, a game of 500 points, caroms, was played by Messrs. R. Fairchild and W. McAllister. The score is appended:—

MCALLISTER.—28, 18, 55, 61, 2, 21, 2, 25, 3, 14, 0, 5, 39, 2, 5, 0, 6, 39, 3, 8, 5, 6, 31, 53, 28, 0, 18. Total, 483. Average, 16 13-20.

FAIRCHILD.—4, 0, 2, 9, 2, 3, 52, 0, 9, 94, 5, 51, 0, 7, 5, 9, 0, 9, 89, 2, 2, 19, 21, 27, 0, 64, 0, 6, 9. Total, 501. Average, 17½.

The night after, the same parties contended at five games of 63 points each, for $10 a game.

A LARGE AVERAGE.—Mr. Philip J. Pierce, the champion of this State, in playing a game of seven hundred and fifty points with an amateur in this city on Saturday, made the astonishing average of *one hundred and seven*, the score of the game being as follows:—70, 156, 210, 4, 16, 271, 50—Total, 767. Thus winning

the game in seven innings, with seventeen points over on the last run. It should be stated, also, that the game was at caroms, on four pocket table, 2 ⅜ balls, and the jaw barred.—*Missouri Democrat, Dec. 3*

THE NEW ROOM IN ROCHESTER.—The grand room now being put in readiness in Rochester by Henry Griffin, of Utica, and which is to have eighteen of Phelan & Collender's tables on one floor, will not, it is now announced, be conducted in opposition to the wishes of moderate drinkers. In other words, Mr. Griffin has come to the conclusion that keeping a hotel on the temperance plan will not pay, even in Rochester.

ABSURD.—The New Orleans *Picayune*, of Nov. 26th, credits Deery with making a run of 107 at the French game in fifteen minutes, which is at the rate of seven shots a minute! and again with 911 points at the four ball game in half an hour, without resorting to nursing the balls. We rather guess that the balls did not roll any; or else that thirteen shots must have been numerous.

TOURNAMENT IN SYRACUSE.—A tournament was in progress last week at the Kirk Block billiard rooms, for a gold mounted cue offered by the proprietor, Mr. Robinson. The first of the series of games was played on the 2d inst., Oscar Davis and L. Schoener being the contestants, commencing shortly after eight o'clock. There was a fair attendance of spectators. Mr. Davis won by 271 points.

MATCH IN BALTIMORE.—Maurice Dailey played a match, said to be for $500 a side, with an expert named Dignon, and known in this city as Billiard-Ball Charley. The match took place at the new Assembly Rooms, Baltimore, on the 30th ult. Dignon won by 212 out of 1,000, averaging 28¼.

MATCH IN BOSTON.—Cyrille Dion, Champion of Canada, and Edward Daniels, Champion of Massachusetts, are to play their match for $250 a side, 1,000 points up, pushing shots barred, on the night of Dec. 18th, at Bumstead Hall, Boston.

EXHIBITION BY FOSTER AND GOLDTHWAITE.—These players are to give an exhibition, on Thursday night next, at the Columbian Billiard Rooms, southeast corner of Broadway and twenty-second street.

TELEGRAMS OF THE GREAT MATCH.—At each quarter of the game between McDevitt and Dion, the relative positions of the players will be telegraphed to the former's rooms in this city, on the night of the 11th.

A HANDSOME PRESENT.—On the 3d inst., Joseph Dion was presented by his admirers with a costly breastpin, made of pearl and amethyst.

NOT PLAYED.—The contemplated contest for a purse between the brothers Dion did not take place as announced.

STANDARD
AMERICAN BILLIARD
TABLE.
AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.
These Billiard Tables have received the unqualified approval of the best players and most competent judges, who have universally pronounced them unequalled for general excellence and durability.
Seven distinct patents for improvements in Billiard Tables have been granted to us by the United States Patent Office, and we have lately obtained a patent from the French Government for our improvements in billiard cushions.
We employ, in the construction of our tables, a variety of machines specially made for the purpose, by which means we are enabled to insure a scientific and mechanical accuracy hitherto unknown in billiard manufacture.
AMERICAN CUE CEMENT.—Price for large bottles, 50 cents Warranted the best in use.
Price Lists and full information sent by mail.
PHELAN & COLLENDER,
31-tf 63, 65, 67 and 69 Crosby street, New York.

SKATING.

THE SEASON FAIRLY BEGUN.

The formal inauguration of the skating season will date from Friday, the 6th of December. On that day Mitchell's Fifth Avenue Park was thrown open to its patrons, and during the day the votaries of the graceful art, who delight to mix in the mazy whirl and excitement of the carnival held by the Ice King, visited the pond in large numbers. Later in the day rain set in and the sport was suspended for a few hours, to be renewed again with increased vigor on Monday, the 9th. Saturday and Sunday were very good specimens of blustering winter days, keeping pedestrians moving pretty lively.

MacMillan's Pond, lower down town, was covered with ice all the week, and although not ready to receive its subscribers, skating commenced on Monday, Dec. 2. Frank Swift, Goodrich, Bishop, Boutoine, and other crack skaters, were present at Mac's every day. MacMillan formally opened on Monday, the 9th, and during the day that resort was filled with the cream of the skating world.

Oatman will be ready this week. Although his pond has been frozen over since the 2d, the Major has very wisely kept the boys off the ice, and when he is ready to commence operations he will have the benefit of three or four inches of smooth ice.

The Central Park ponds are still open, and it will take several more days of continuous cold weather to put them in condition to receive the crowds who flock to the People's Skating Park

The Commissioners have erected a building at the upper pond, One Hundred and Tenth street, and in future skaters who live Harlemward will have a place of resort, where they can put on and take off their skates, and procure liquid and solid comforts.

In Brooklyn, owing to the laying of new water mains, the Union, Capitoline and Satellite ponds were unable to procure their usual supply of Ridgewood last week. This drawback will be overcome in a few days, much to the delight of the skaters and the profit of the proprietors. Oatman's pond had its water supply secured before the mishap to the mains, and will probably open during the present week.

JEROME PARK SKATING POND.

Mr. Leonard W. Jerome, the well-known patron of the turf, and founder of the racing park which bears his name, last season inaugurated a series of charming skating excursions to the pond at Jerome Park, which, although rather exclusive, were largely patronized and successful. The preliminary steps have been taken for a repetition of those excursions.

EASTMAN'S POUGHKEEPSIE SKATING PARK.

Eastman, of business college notoriety, has just opened a four-acre skating pond at Poughkeepsie, for the accommodation of his scholars and the general public. The enterprise was inaugurated on Thursday, 5th inst., and is at the present time in full blast. The pond is surrounded by a carriage drive, where those who do not wish to skate can recline in their coaches or sleighs and watch the sport. A commodious building, with a glass front, and a 200-feet platform, will accommodate the onlookers. A band of music will be in attendance every afternoon when the "ball is up." Prof. Eastman intends to give a grand carnival some time during the present or coming week, and has expressed his intention of extending an invitation to the members of the New York Skating Club to take a hand in. He has already invited Frank Swift and Miss Bedell, E. T. Goodrich, and John Engler.

SKATING IN PHILADELPHIA.

Or, rather, no skating, for as yet the Quakers havn't had a chance to shake a foot on ice. Everything is ready for Jack Frost, however, and, once started, the season promises to be more than usually brilliant.

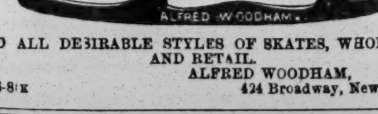
SKATING RINK AT CLEVELAND.

The Clevelanders are making much ado about the opening of a new "rink" in their city. A grand ball and banquet, at which the "beauty and fashion," and all that sort of thing, were present, were part and parcel of the ceremonies. The building is 230 by 84 feet, and 46 in height. The ice surface will be 200 by 71, giving 14,200 square feet. Gas jets to the number of 200 will illuminate at night, and 72 windows in the day time. The total cost of the building is only $18,000. In its construction, 250,000 feet of lumber, 220,000 shingles, and 125 kegs of nails were used. In the summer, a board floor will be laid, and the place let out for mass meetings, fairs, balls, etc.

THE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP.

GOODRICH AND SWIFT MATCHED.

As anticipated, the terms of the fresh challenge issued through our columns last week by "Frank Swift" met with the approval of the champion, E. T. Goodrich, and the rivals met at the place designated by the former, 729 Broadway, on the 4th inst., where articles were drawn up and signed stipulating to skate a series of matches in different cities for the sum of $1,000 a side and the championship of America, the best 3 in 5 to decide. The first match will take place at the Van Rensselaer Park, Albany, on the 19th, 20th, or 21st inst., as hereafter may be mutually agreed upon; and the residents of the metropolis and Brooklyn will in all probability have an opportunity of witnessing the second, as it is pretty certain that it will come off on some of the ponds in this vicinity. The skating public and all interested in the slippery amusement have long been desirous of seeing these exponents of the real beauties of the exercise don the runners in a trial of relative skill, and the result will be eagerly looked for, while the matches will unquestionably attract immense throngs and thereby enable the parties of the first and second part to rake in no trifling amount of pocket money. Now that these *fancy* skaters have been matched, cannot some of those who make *speed* a specialty increase the excitement by challenging to a friendly trial others of that ilk. While the pedestrian fever is raging, the chances for getting on a match will be much greater than last winter. Who will take the lead?

New York Club


AND ALL DESIRABLE STYLES OF SKATES, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
ALFRED WOODHAM,
36-8tx 424 Broadway, New York.

CURLING.

CURLING.—The Canadian branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club held its annual meeting on Nov. 30, when the following gentlemen were elected office-bearers for the current year:—President, Hon. John Young; Vice President, David Brown; Secretary and Treasurer, Geo. Denholm.

Several clubs were admitted into the branch, and eight silver medals having been awarded by the Royal Caledonian Club, of Scotland, to the Canadian Branch, to be competed for this winter by clubs in connection with the Royal Club, it was resolved that the contests should be as follows:—Montreal against Royal Engineers, Quebec; Montreal Thistle against Stadacona, Quebec; Ottawa against Kingston; Waverly against Otonabee, Keene; Toronto against Ontario, Hamilton; Galt against New Dominion, North Dumfries; Thomasville against Chatham; Ayr against Dundas.

TWO HEADS.—A man who bumps his head against that of his neighbor, isn't apt to think that two heads are better than one.

THE RING.

Real English Boxing Gloves imported by
SHANNON, MILLER & CRANE,
36 4t 32 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

THE SENSATION LIGHT-WEIGHT MATCH.

WHO IS THE UNKNOWN?

This is the query which has been exercising the minds of the sporters, far and near, ever since the night on which Barney Aaron got on his present match for $2,500 a side, and the frequency with which it is propounded shows how great an interest is taken in the affair, and the importance with which it is invested, partly from the amount of the stakes at issue, and partly from the mystery surrounding the "coming man," of whom his backers expect such great things. Popular opinion pointed to Patsy Sheppard—who came all the way from St. Louis to get on with Barney and was disappointed, much to his regret and that of the public—as the "dark individual," but, if so, Patsy, who returned to Gotham last week, was ignorant of the fact, although he wished it was so, and would jump at the chance. The fallacy of this impression having apparently been established, the universal idea now is that the Unknown will prove to be a good'un from the old sod—probably Jack Hicks, who, it is understood, is now on his way hither, in company with Dan Crutchley. Jack is some years older than Barney, having been born in 1831, and possesses a very fair record; he defeated Pullen, Unwin, and Brookes, was defeated by Joe Nolan twice and fought draws with Alf. Walker and Jem Gollagher. His weight, according to Fistiana, is 8 st. 8 lbs., although he fought Gollagher at 9 st. He looks big for his avoirdupois, and is more muscular than Barney, so that the two are pretty fairly matched, barring age, in which there aint any material difference, however. From this it would seem that the supposition alluded to will turn out to be well founded, and the arrival of the big ship containing the interesting passengers will be eagerly looked for, as the mystery will then, in all probability, be solved. Until then, hold yer hosses.

GOT BACK.—Joe Coburn returned to this city last week, after a brief trip through the west, where he created a very favorable impression, made many friends and salted down considerable paper of the republic. He had a rousing benefit at Mozart Hall, Porkopolis, on the night of the 30th ult., and took a jaunt to Louisville, Ky., the following day, where the boys extended a cordial greeting. While sojourning St. Louis, Joe was the recipient of a magnificent 18 karat gold ring, set with costly gold-stone, presented as a token of friendship and esteem by that thorough-going sport, Jack Looney, as likewise a handsome cane, with the inscription on a chased gold band: "Joe Gibbs to Joe Coburn," all of which goes to show what is thought of the New Yorker in that section. Coburn is very well pleased with his trip, and wishes to publicly tender his sincere thanks to Messrs. Bolshaw, Tom Foley, Nick Geary and Jerry Donovan, of Chicago; Looney, Carroll, Gibbs and Thurston, of St. Louis, Johnny Franklin, Charley Coulter, Dunn, Murray and Connolly, of Cincinnati; and Messrs. Judge and Waudle, of Louisville, Ky., for their many acts of kindness during his stay amongst them, which will always remain green in his memory, and he hopes he may sometime have an opportunity to reciprocate. On the afternoon of the 13th inst., Coburn will, weather permitting, proceed to Philadelphia with Frank McIntire, who, it will be seen, by reference to another column, is matched to walk from this city to Philadelphia in twenty-six hours.

A CHANCE FOR JIMMY ELLIOTT.—By a paragraph elsewhere in this department, it will be seen that Tom Allen has picked up his traps and "dug out" from the City of Monuments, where he had opened a sparring school, and thought himself nicely fixed for the winter, and would have been had he pursued a proper course and bridled his tongue. But he didn't, and now that he has changed his base to the Forest City, where so many of the boxers have of late taken up their habitation, there is a probability of Thomas being, ere long, accommodated with a match, since he will not probably now insist upon fighting in Virginia—the only great drawback in the proposed meeting between him and Bill Ryall. We fancy Jimmy Elliott, having failed in his attempt to get on with Mike McCoole, would like nothing better than having a go with Allen, and as the latter has made a fair record in the old country, and been professedly willing to stand before any man in the States, not barring Coburn, he can't reasonably refuse to meet the Athlone Giant. The boys want something of the sort to fill up the interim between now and the $10,000 match. Will they have it?

BACK AGAIN.—Patsy Sheppard and Abe Hicken returned to this city on the 3d inst., from their brief sparring tour through the Puritanical section, which didn't prove as lucrative as they deserved. More's the pity, for two more skillful glove practitioners seldom put up their forks together. They had a first rate exhibition in Portland, Me., where they encountered a staunch friend in Pete Daley, who worked like a Trojan for them, disposing of no less than seventy tickets, and returning the sugar for the same, for which Patsy and Abe wish publicly to return their thanks. There is a possibility of both these light weights having a job on their hands ere long, the St. Louis lad being mentioned in connection with the Aaron match, and Ebenezer standing off with Billy Edwards for first choice against Sam Collyer. Time will tell.

HARRY HICKEN MATCHED.—On Tuesday evening last, 3d inst., a match was made at an up-town sporting house between Harry Hicken and a young fellow from the Fourth Ward familiarly known by the *sobriquet* of "Dutchy," which has occasioned considerable stir among the boys, and if it comes to a satisfactory focus will gratify the desire of many who, from the youthful stranger's cleverness with the mits, have become much interested in him, and want to see what he can do inside the ropes. They are to fight for a purse on the 18th inst., and the affair will be kept as secret as possible. Patsy Sheppard has charge of Hickey, while Mike Costello looks after the welfare of "Dutchy."

BENEFIT FOR BILLY KELLY.—This ambitious and courageous up-town light-weight, who fought Teddy McAuliffe and Johnny Grady, and who was defeated by Sam Collyer, will shortly be tendered a testimonial benefit at some hall in this city, when the boys should turn out strong for a deserving young fellow who has proved himself game to the backbone and has always evinced a willingness to assist others. Sam Collyer has given his word to wind-up with Billy and this should in itself be card enough to cram the house. Notice of the time and place will be given as soon as it is known.

SAM COLLYER AT THE CAPITAL.—The quiet, unpretending, but determined and clever light-weight champion, has once more resumed his peaceable avocation of "tripping the light (?) fantastic," and this week is delighting the patrons and bringing greenbacks galore into the coffers of ye manager of the Teutonia Music Hall, Washington, D. C. Sam is a big card wherever he goes, and since his last victory his services will be in as great demand as ever.

IN TOWN.—Billy McLain arrived in town on the 7th inst., and was to leave again for Philadelphia on the 10th or 11th, for the purpose of securing a hall for an exhibition some time next week, conjointly with Patsy Sheppard and Abe Hicken, after which he thinks of seeking pastures new in the West or South. He has been unsuccessful in obtaining his just dues from the Kelly party, which is all wrong, the more so after Billy putting himself to so much trouble to secure them the money.

DEATH OF "JINGLES".—This well-known Fourth Ward celebrity died at the City Hospital, Brooklyn, on the 28th ult., and was buried from Kit Burns' on the following Sunday. "Jingles" was a very eccentric genius, a firm friend and a relentless enemy, according to the treatment he received, and, during the last few years of his life, had nearly lost the sense of hearing.

CON OREM REDIVIVUS.—The irrepressible John Condle ain't at all satisfied by the issue of their recent meeting, that Johnny Dwyer is able to bore holes through him at any time, and to test the matter has issued a fresh challenge to fight Jimmy for $1,000 a side and the Middle Weight Champion Belt, within twenty miles of Salt Lake City or Cheyenne City, the time to be arranged at the date of signing articles. There was little doubt that the "brother of Billy" would accommodate John—if he don't he "oughter."

HAD HIS ARM BROKEN.—Prof. Jas. O'Neil, of Albany, had his arm broken on the 5th inst., by a pupil, while engaged in giving lessons. The unfortunate accident was caused by an upper cut.

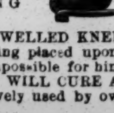
☞ We have letters for Sam Collyer (2), Barney Aaron, Dan Kerrigan, J. C. Heenan, Mike Smith, Peter Martin, Jack Goulding, Tom Hamblin, Ed. Russell and Joe Coburn.

QUOITING.

HOLMES VS. FRASER.—These amateur experts tested their abilities with the disc in a game, 61 points up, said to have been for $100 a side, at Hackensack, N. J., on the 27th ult. Holmes won by 14 points, over-running the score eight points.

SCOTTY AND MCLAREN RE MATCHED.—A fresh home-and-home match was arranged last week between "Scotty," of this city, and McLaren, of Newark, N. J., who lately played three games, all of which were won by the Jerseyman, owing, it is thought, to t'other man receiving a consideration. The first game of the present match is to take place at the grounds of the Normal Club, Astor Place and Broadway, on Wednesday, 11th inst., at 1 o'clock P. M., for $200 a side, 61 points up, at 18 yards distance. The second, for the same amount, and on the same terms, is to be decided at the Caledonia Grounds, Newark, on the afternoon of the 13th inst., commencing at the same hour. The sum of $50 a side is now deposited in our hands (which we consent to hold until a final stakeholder is procured), and the balance, $150 a side, is to be posted on the morning of the first day's play. Scotty's proper name is Alexander Tunnock, and he was formerly a shining light at Captain Waterbury's Grounds, when the latter kept in Varick street, eight or nine years ago.

THE TURF.

To Horsemen.
"DOUGHTY'S" PATENT
INTERFERING HOOF CUSHION.

"NO MORE SWELLED KNEES OR CUT ANKLES."
This Cushion being placed upon the hoof the horse strikes with, renders it impossible for him to injure himself. It not only prevents, BUT WILL CURE A HORSE OF CUTTING.
They are extensively used by owners of fast stock and city railroads.
Price $2 each. A liberal discount to the trade. Apply or address ALFRED WOODHAM,
424 Broadway, New York.
Send for circular. In ordering state the Striking Hoof. 36-3m

TROT FOR A PURSE.—The black mare Fly, driven by Harry Bradley and the gelding Tip, over which J. Copp held the ribbons, were pitted against each other in a trot, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, at Riverside Park, Boston, on the 3d inst., the same afternoon Deerfoot and Griffin ran their "cross." Five heats were contested, Tip winning the first and second, and Fly the three remaining. Time, 3:00; 2:59; 2:26; 2:59; 3:02.

DYSPEPSIA LAUGHS AT CATHARTICS, defies all the old stereotyped remedies, but succumbs to HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. The disease can only be expelled by a powerful effort of the stomach and its auxiliary organs, and *that* effort they must be stimulated to make by a persistent use of this irresistible vegetable tonic. Nothing else will do it.

AQUATICS.

THREE MILE SCULLING MATCH BETWEEN JOHN MEKIEL, OF COLD SPRING, AND ROBT. McCAULEY, OF NEWBURGH.

Some time since, Robert McCauley, who has gained considerable local reputation as a boat puller, met and easily defeated Ostrander Ward, in a five mile race, in 17 feet pleasure boats, each weighing 100 pounds. This led his friends to place additional confidence in his powers, and to test the correctness of his good opinion of him, Tim Donohue offered to match him against John Mekiel, of Cold Spring, for a small stake. To this proposition the latter was agreeable, and his firm friend James Delaney, who sticketh by him through thick and thin, finding the treasury notes, a match for $50 a side was arranged, distance one mile and a half to a stake boat and return, in the same boats used by McCauley and Ward. Josh Ward was chosen referee, and Mike Mekiel and Sam Lieper judges. The race was fixed for the 7th inst., and fully one thousand spectators assembled to witness the sport, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, and the keen, frosty atmosphere, which tingled their ears and olfactory organs, and discolored every exposed portion of their cuticle. The weather was anything but favorable for the race, a whistling north wind offering a serious drawback to the accomplishment of fast time, but as it was made p. p., the boys had no alternative but to jump in their craft and do their best under such disadvantageous circumstances.

Although neither man had trained to any extent, both were in very good fix, Mekiel much better than when he met Coulter at Pittsburgh. The latter wore a white shirt, while McCauley was attired in red shirt and cap. The betting, which had been at the rate of 10 to 6 on the Newburgh man, changed to even on Mekiel at the start. The toss for choice having been won by McCauley, he took the inside position, and at precisely 1 o'clock P. M., the men drew into position opposite the foundry dock, whereon stood the tall son of Cornwall giving necessary directions. At the word "go" the boats were off beautifully, but McCauley, who pulled a much quicker stroke than his opponent, rapidly drew away, and half way to the steamboat pier—a quarter of a mile distant—had opened a gap of above a length. Here Mekiel let out some of his reserved steam, and increasing the power of his long, graceful sweeps, sent his boat cutting through the ruffled water at a clipping pace, and gradually lessening the distance until at the pier he lapped McCauley, both men struggling with might and main for the lead. They continued this exciting struggle, amid the wildest enthusiasm, until within half a mile of the upper stake, when McCauley was compelled to slacken up and Mekiel went by him with a rush, turned the stake three lengths ahead and came home as he pleased over a quarter of a mile ahead, in just 34:00—poor time, but then the winner was not hurried, and the elements were leagued against him. For the first mile a finer contest was never witnessed, and notwithstanding the hollow manner in which the victory was gained, everybody went home perfectly satisfied with the sport.

THE VESPER ROWING ASSOCIATION.

The members of this thriving organization celebrated Thanksgiving Day by a single scull race, two miles, for an elegant meerschaum pipe, and, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather, there was a respectable attendance of spectators. The entries were three in number, as follows:—Alpha, rowed by William Hull, colors red; Vesper, rowed by George Watt, colors blue; Omega, rowed by R. C. Elliott, colors white. The course selected was from Bell's Dock, at Glenwood, one mile up the Hudson and return. At 11.40 the signal was given, and the craft got off well together, but ere a dozen yards had been pulled over, Watt crept to the fore, Elliott keeping close up, and Hull gradually dropping astern. Within a quarter of a mile of the upper stake-boat Elliott collared and after a sharp struggle passed Watt, rounding the stake one second ahead of the latter in 9:24, Hull third in 9:40, although he would have arrived there much sooner if he had not diverged from a direct course. The race on the homestretch was brilliant and exciting, Hull putting on the steam, going by Watt with a rush, and giving Elliott as tight a thing of it as he wanted. The latter came home in 19:50, Hull one second later, and Watt last in 19:53, which shows how fine a contest it was. Thomas Franklin and James T. Howland, Vice President and Treasurer of the Vesper, respectively officiated as judges, while J. G. P. Holden, editor of the Yonkers *Gazette*, Vice President of the Palisade Club, and an ardent devotee of aquatic sports, was chosen referee.

FISH STORY.—It is stated that over five hundred salmon were caught in the Ohio river, opposite New Albany, Ind., in one day recently, and that a resident of that Hoosier village had captured 3,200 during the past six weeks. That's what we call sport, and none of your provoking nibbles.

Nautilus Branch, No. 14 Ann street (formerly No. 1 Barclay st.), two doors from the New Herald Building.
12-tf THOMAS C. BURNS, Proprietor.

FANCY DOG-BREEDING IN NEW YORK.

The estimation in which fine dogs are held here may be seen in some degree from the following prices of setters and pointers. Some of the best blooded and best "broke" dogs (pointers) are held at $250 a pair, and they range from this down to $25 the single dog.

Well "unbroke" setter dogs are worth from $20 to $150, and a fine cross between the two—a dog many prefer—will bring, if well broken, from $20 to $75. The great advantage the pointer has over the setter, in this country, is not that his nose is always better, but that his hair is short, and, not being liable to catch burs and hold water and mud so long, he can hunt longer and faster. The setter, not being a strong dog, is easily broken down by these incumbrances, but in a clear field he is probably the fastest hunter of the two.

Fine terrier dogs of all breeds are great favorites here, and command from $10 to $100 a piece—the smaller the dog, the higher the price. Bulls and bull-terriers are worth from $15 to $50. Newfoundlands bring all sorts of prices—from $20 to $200. St. Bernards, well-grown, and particularly if trained, command as high as $250 and $300.

There is little sale here for fox and deer hounds, and the price for other fancy dogs is nominal. The terrier in almost every point of view is the inferior of the hound. In physical conformation, in his instincts and objects of pursuit, he is much below the hound.

The redeeming features in the character of the terrier are his fidelity and courage, and his unconquerable antipathy to rats, weasels, &c. A popular English novelist represents one of his characters—a scion of a knightly house—as a frequenter of rat pits, and makes his hero defend his low tastes, and his preference for terrier-baiting and fox-hunting, by the argument that foxes are vermin as well as rats, and that he cannot see the difference between chasing them down with a horse and a large dog, and seeing it done in a comfortable chair, with a cigar and a small dog. The varieties chiefly in demand are the black-and-tan, the Scotch and Skye breed, and the red-jawed bull terrier. These dogs are familiar to every one; and the capacity for killing rats is astonishing; and a Scotch terrier has been known to kill one hundred rats in seven minutes.

A PREACHER CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.—Once two ministers of the gospel were conversing together on extemporaneous preaching. "Well," said the old divine, waxing warm, "you are ruining yourself by writing your sermons and reading them off. Your congregation cannot become interested in your preaching, and if you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, unless you could get hold of an old sermon, you would be completely confused. The young divine used all his eloquence, but in vain, to convince the old gentleman that the written sermons expressed his own thoughts and feelings, and if called upon he could preach extemporaneously. "As you are of the same faith," said the young minister, "suppose you try me next Sabbath morning? On ascending the pulpit you can hand me a text from any part of the Bible, and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stand up. Likewise, I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and see who will make the best of it." The idea seemed to delight the old gentleman, and it was immediately agreed upon. The following Sabbath, on mounting the pulpit, his senior brother handed him a slip of paper, on which was written—"And the ass opened his mouth and spake;" from which he preached a glorious sermon, chaining the attention of his delighted hearers, and charming his old friend with his eloquence. In the afternoon the young brother, sitting below the pulpit, handed in his slip. After rising and opening the Bible, the old man looked sadly around—"Am I not thine ass?" Pausing a few minutes, he ran his fingers through his hair, straightened his collar, blew his nose like the last trumpet, and read aloud—"Am I not thine ass?" Another pause, in which a deadly silence reigned. After reading the third time—"Am I not thine ass?"—he looked over the pulpit at his friend, and in a doleful tone said—"I think I am, brother."

SURPRISED BY A TIGER.—Early in November Messrs. Hodges, Lague, Lovejoy and two friends left Sonora, Cal., for a tour in the lower counties. While camping out one night, about eight miles from San Luis Obispo, Hodges, who was sleeping with Lague, was suddenly awakened by the outcries of his companion and the ferocious growling of some wild beast. He found the brute in bed with them, standing over his face, and having hold of Lague by the arm. Hodges instantly jumped up and seized it by the neck and began pounding and kicking it so vigorously that the beast, a large California tiger, or lion, released its grasp of Lague and put off into the woods. The wounded man's arm was very painfully injured, although not severely. Lovejoy, who is a crack shot, was some distance off at the time. He tried hard to draw a bead on it, but couldn't do it. Hodges, during the struggle, was afraid to shoot, for fear of hitting his companion. It strikes us that camping out is uncomfortably perilous in that section.

CLEANLINESS.—Wholesome washing is one of the latest discoveries. Washing may be said to have commenced in these realms in the present century. In Addison's "Diary of a Citizen," the worthy gentleman regularly records the washing of his hands and face once a day, but upon the occasion of a slight indisposition which entitled him to indulgence, the entry is 'Washed hands, but not face.' A celebrated doctor of the last century, when asked why he never used a nail-brush, cried with astonishment, 'A what? I never heard of such a thing in all my life!' The son of a dignitary of the church, a master of the Temple, was asked how it happened that his father's hands were always so dirty, and whether he ever chanced to wash them. The reply was, "Oh, yes, he washes his hands, but he has a trick of putting them to his face."

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.—A dilapidated old darkey in Montgomery, while watching the monkeys in a menagerie in that city, recently, spoke thusly: "Dem children got too much sense to come out en dat cage; white folks cut dar tails off and set 'em to votin and making Constitewtion."

THE PRICE OF AN ASS.—One day at the table of Cardinal Richelieu, Bantru, seeking to amuse him, inquired of one of the strangers present—"Monsieur, excuse me, but how did they value asses in your country when you set forth?" The retort was an excellent one—"Those of your weight and size were priced at ten crowns."

A BACCHANALIAN SALUTE.—"How are you, John? I'm deuced glad to see you." "Very well, Charlie. Come and take a drink, old fellow. 'Tisn't often we meet." "That's a fact, John—and when we do, it's *meet and drink*."

SLIDING DOWN HILL.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There is nothing in the tropics that can console a man, doomed to dwell there, for the loss of northern winters. Monkeys and humming birds, gorgeous flowers and gigantic vegetation, insects, reptiles and luscious fruits, which you cannot eat without a cholera, sweltering nights and roasting days! Deliver us from the intolerable delights of a tropical luxury!

But a northern winter is full of bracing joys. In doors all is ruddy and social, and out of doors all is energy and manly joy! A man who has blood and vital spirits glories in the cold of winter. But of all sports what one can claim superiority over *coasting*; or, as in our boyhood days it was called, sliding down hill?

Long before we attained the age of a sled, two barrel staves, fastened together by the knowing workman, served an excellent purpose, and required no mean skill in sitting and steering. A slight mistake in balancing, and the boy and staves changed places, the boy under and the sliding machine on top—and then gradually rolling into a promiscuous heap, out of which came some ripping remarks not made by the sled.

Next came the glory of full and real *sledship*—a sled with runners, and iron or steel shod; a sled painted and lettered! With that we defied the thermometer, and set our faces against the north wind! And how long the hill, a full half mile, is sought, not all of a gentle slope, nor yet too steep, but properly made up, as all hills should be, with a fine gradual beginning, then a pitch quite steep then another long middle slope, a jounce here, a rullock there, a sweep yonder around a point, and a fetching-up place right along the river! On such a hill-top, with a glorious sled, well muffled and mittened, the boy seats himself on his sled prouder than ever sat king upon his throne!

Away he goes, with nimble feet reaching out before him, (for a sled carries its rudder at the bow) and whose heels with skillful touch steer the flying machine. See him make a leap over the rullock, lifted clear into the air, and coming down with a jounce that made everything crack! Boys have springs inside of them, under every muscle, on all sides of each bone, and come down with a springy bound, that cars and carriages may envy, but cannot hope to attain!

None of your belly-flounders! This flying down on a sled, like a buckwheat cake on a griddle; or that sideway sitting on the hind end of it, with one leg cork-screwed out behind for steering, are not the thing. They are not orthodox. They savor of a compliance with weakness and timidity. A real boy should sit upon his sled fair and square, with his face to his work, and ready to meet all difficulties with his breast to them.

Nor let any one decry the long tramp up hill that follows this fierce flight downward. What if it is long, the sled hanging behind, the way slippery, and withal some perils of those avalanches of other boys that come roaring and whirling down? The going up is still an indispensable part of the epic. It is the *dark* that gives power to the high light. The *up* makes, by contrast, the very glory of the *down*.

We never see the snow on the ground, old as we are, that we do not feel the very spirit of the sled again. And now, an old man, we would, if we could, mount and plunge down the hill again. Though a man's hair is as white as the snow under his feet, he need not be ashamed of a voyage on a sled!

One winter not long ago, when in New Bedford, he found a long street refused to horse vehicles, and set apart to sleds. The selectmen, or whatever their names were, at the public expense, carted on snow where the track was worn; iced it by water thrown on overnight; stationed a band of music there; had torches lit and placed along the sides; and the generous people, catching the spirit, illumined their houses, and this preparation was thrown open to men, women and children. That city is civilized. That part of the millennium, which consists in sliding down hill, we believe will begin first in New Bedford!

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

Billy is a carriage-maker up town. Billy is a genius in the way of painting. While counterfeiting nature for amusement in the rear of the shop, one day, his mind ran on the subject of rotten eggs, and forthwith one of those interesting objects appeared on the board beneath his brush. It was represented as broken, and was so natural that one might fancy a disagreeable odor arising from it. One day Squire M—— saw it, and applied his fingers to his nose. Billy saw it, and explained that it was only paint. At first he would hardly believe it, but finally convinced, he offered Billy ten dollars to paint a similar one on his door step. The squire was something of a wag, and wished to see the effect produced on the ladies and gentlemen who had been invited to attend a party at his house that evening.

Billy received ten dollars, and promised to have it done in time.

Evening arrived, and so did the ladies and gentlemen; and as each passed over Billy's painting, they elevated their feet and skirts, and applied cambric to their noses.

When everybody was chatting at the table after supper, the squire arose, and said:

"I suppose you all saw that on my door step?"

Everybody assented, some of the fair ones uttered a little scream, and fanned themselves vigorously.

"I had that placed there to illustrate the power of imagination, as I will show you if you'll adjourn to the door."

All went.

"Now," said the squire, "you will see that this is not what you supposed it was." He pressed his handkerchief on the spot, then raised it suddenly to his nose, exclaiming: "By Jupiter, it is a rotten egg after all."

Billy had taken the ten dollars, and broken a real rotten egg on the door step.

GOOD HARD FIBBING.—There lives in New Hampshire a man called Joe, a fellow noted for the tough lies he can tell. A correspondent informs us that Joe called in at Holton's lately, and found him almost choked with smoke, when he suggested, "You don't know as much about managing smoky chimneys as I do, squire, or you'd cure 'em." "Ah," said Holton, with interest, "did you ever see a smoky chimney cured?" "Seen it?" said old Joe, "I think I have. I had the worst one in Seaboard county once, and I cured it a little too much." "How was that?" asked Holton. "Why, you see," said Joe, "I built a little house out yonder, at Wolf Hollow, ten or twelve years ago. Jim Bush, the fellow that built the chimneys, kept blind drunk three quarters of the time, and crazy drunk the other. I told him I thought he'd have something wrong; but he stuck to it and finished the house. Well, we moved in, and built a fire the next morning to boil the tea-kettle. All the smoke came through the room and went out of the windows; not a bit went up the flues. We tried it for two or three days, and it got worse and worse. By and by it came on to rain, and the rain began to come down the chimney. It put the fire out in a minute, and directly it came down by the pailful. We had to get the baby off the floor as soon as we could or it would have been drowned. In fifteen minutes the water stood knee deep on the floor. I pretty soon saw what was the matter. The drunken cuss had put the chimney wrong end up, and it drawed downwards. It gathered all the rain within a hundred yards, and poured it down by bucketfuls." "Well, that was unfortunate," remarked Holton, "but what in the world did you do with the house? Surely you never cured that chimney?" "Didn't I though?" answered old Joe; "yes I did." "How?" asked Holton. "Turned it the other end up," said the incorrigible, "and then you ought to have seen it draw. That was the way I cured it too much." "Drew too much?" asked Holton. "Well, squire, you may judge for yourself," said old Joe. "Pretty soon after we got the chimney down the other end up, I missed one of the chairs out of the room, and directly I seed another of 'em shooting towards the fireplace. Next the table went, and I see the back log going up. Then I grabbed the old woman under one arm and the baby under t'other and started; but just as I got to the door I seed the cat going across the floor backwards, holding on with her claws to the carpet, yelling awfully. It wasn't no use. I just see her going over the top of the chimney, and that was the last of her." "Well, what did you do then?" asked Holton; "of course you could not live in such a house?" "Couldn't I though?" said Joe; "but I did: I put a poultice on the jamb of the fireplace, and that drawed t'other way, so we had no more trouble."

THE DISTILLER'S DANCE.—English Duncan had seen better days, and once had a small inn of his own; but he seems to have been born for "a small still," and evidently took to it most keenly and kindly. One day old Duncan and a party of his friends and accomplices had been getting some malt in ready for work, and believing the gauger to be far away, they left it in a large room, unwatched and unprotected. The gauger appeared anything but opportunely, and took possession of the malt. "Ah!" said Duncan, "we are just going to have a reel, mon, and Big Sandy is here with the pipes; so, as you are good at Gillie Callum, you can sit on your sacks and see some fun." The piper came, and everybody that could be got from the neighboring boothies was called in, so that there was a fair sprinkling of performers and spectators. The reel was danced and Tulloch too, but Gillie Callum was not a success; so they called for the gauger to come off the sacks. He did; and right well he danced; his back step between the swords was wonderfully clean, and his cuts were quite superhuman. Cries of "Well danced, Mac!" "Bravo!" and "Now he's at it again!" came from all; for all the spectators, from the beloved minister to the youngest bairn, grew excited over Highland dancing. The dance over, all were delighted but the gauger. Where were the sacks of malt? They had all been carried out of the room behind the crowd of lookers-on, and whilst the excise officer was showing them how to do the Highland Fling, Duncan was showing them how to do the gauger.

HOW TO TREAT BALKY HORSES.—If you have balky horses it is your own fault and not the horses', for if they do not pull true there is some cause for it, and if you remove the cause the effect will cease. When your horse balks he is excited, and does not know what you want him to do. When he gets a little excited, stop him five or ten minutes; let him become calm; go to the balky horse, pat him, and speak gently to him, and as soon as he is over his excitement he will, in nine cases out of ten, pull at the word. Whipping and slashing and swearing only make the matter worse. After you have gentled him awhile, and his excitement has cooled down, take him by the bits; turn him each way a few minutes, as far as you can; pull out the tongue; gentle him a little; unrein him; then step before the balky horse, and let the other start first; then you can take them anywhere you wish. A balky horse is always high spirited and starts quick; half the pull is out before the other starts; by standing before him the other starts first. By close application to this rule you can make any balky horse pull. If a horse has been badly spoiled you should hitch him to the empty wagon, and pull it around awhile on level ground; then put on a little load, and increase it gradually, caressing as before, and in a short time you can have a good work horse.

SHARP PRACTICE.—Nantucket is famous for pretty girls, excellent fishing, Sisseonset, and good stories. One of the latter is told of a native of the Island who lost hens from his roost. To detect the thief he placed a sharp scythe in a position to be clutched by the thief as soon as he opened the door. The very next morning there was blood upon the blade, but no hens were missing. The gentleman did not hunt for wounded hands, and in a short time went to California, returning after an absence of several years. There used to live in Nantucket one of the most noted story tellers for a young man in the Commonwealth. He was quite popular, however, had a good deal of "brass," and could get out more voters on election day than any other native on the island. He was stirring up voters one day, and came upon the returned Californian. "Hello B," said the latter, "give me a ride to the polls, will you?" "No," said B, with an oath, "The man as puts scythes in a hen roost shall never ride with me." B. was never prosecuted for the confession.

A TYROLEAN DON JUAN.

Some of the pleasant little scandals that come to us from Austria are really very instructive. We are told that in a village in the Italian Tyrol an incident has occurred that created considerable sensation. The proprietor of a large tavern was blessed with a son who grew up to be a very handsome and fascinating specimen of the Tyrolese mountaineer. Before he was twenty years of age he was adored, of course, by the ladies of the neighborhood, and he was flattered and petted into such a hero among the best families of the country, and his admirers became so numerous, that he must have required to use considerable discretion in the distribution of his favors. The father was a good-natured old fellow, and overlooked the youth's escapades, until he found that the frequent recurrence of the inevitable scandals began to give his house a bad repute, and to cause a certain falling off in the business. He therefore ordered his son to marry.

Bernhard raised several objections, but was overruled by the stern progenitor, and at last took to himself a wife. He resolved, at the same time, to abandon his evil ways, and become a correct member of married society. All went on well for some time; but, after two or three years, he found that *tourjours perdrix* was monotonous and unpalatable. He, therefore, began to indulge secretly and moderately in his old variations. His wife vaguely suspected him, but wisely held her tongue and reproached him not, though she herself was a model of constancy and truth.

One day a traveling carriage drove up, and a lady alighted at the hotel and asked for a room for the night. The son conducted her up stairs, probably because she was young and good looking. But strange to say, he didn't come down again as soon as he might have done, and the wife wondered what could detain him. She waited patiently a few minutes, and then became suspicious of something being wrong. She paced up and down the room with growing impatience, looked at the clock two or three times a minute, and at length could restrain her impatience no longer and rushed up stairs. Imagine her indignation at finding the door bolted from the inside. She listened—all was quiet—and then pushed and knocked at the door, and raised a hue and cry that caused all the servants in the house to come running to the scene of the disturbance, and then there arose a tremendous screaming and shrieking inside the room that seemed to deafen almost the cries of the wife and the noise of the attendants. At last the door was broken open. The lady traveler demanded that the police guard should be sent for, declaring, amid hysteric sobs and groans, that she had been insulted and ruined by the innkeeper's son. He endeavored to protest his innocence of the charge, but in vain. Amid the lamentations of the injured visitor and the reproaches of the yet more injured wife, not a word that he uttered could be heard. He was hurried off to the guardhouse and closely imprisoned. A fortnight afterward the case came before the judge of the commune. Witnesses were called who proved the prisoner's guilt to everybody's satisfaction, excepting, perhaps, that of the prisoner himself.

His antecedents were fully laid before the court, of course with due regard to the feelings of absent personages. Bernhard, seeing the turn affairs were taking, adopted a sullen, defiant demeanor, and refused to say a word in defense. He was declared guilty, and the judge, who had manifested great asperity towards the prisoner, asked him several times whether he had anything to urge before sentence was passed. Having been greatly pressed to speak, the prisoner expressed his willingness to say something, but told the judge that it would be better for his honor if he did not speak. Thereupon the judge, somewhat nettled, urged him to say what he could.

"Well, then," said Bernhard, "I am innocent of the charge, but I am willing to accept the shame of this trial, and the sentence about to be inflicted upon me as a punishment for the evil life I have led. Yes it is true that I am guilty of all the *liasons* of which I have been accused, and many more; and, I may say, Mr Judge, that the woman who first led me astray was your wife."

The confusion of the judge, and the hilarity in court, may be imagined. Bernhard was at once informed that he would be prosecuted for slander. Nothing, however, was heard afterward, either of the transported Bernhard or of the threatened trial for slander. The judge was shortly after promoted to a better post.

CAREER AND END OF A "FAST MAN" AT PARIS.—The death of Mons. Roger de Beauvoir has released him from pains which were well nigh intolerable. He was a young man of great wealth, some thirty-eight years of age, and became the "fastest man" of his day. Handsome, quick, brilliant, adroit in all the manly exercises, fond of luxury, possessing great taste, an author successful as a novelist and a dramatist, singularly popular with the sex, he was for many years, from 1828 to 1850, the fast man of Paris. He was the hero of all the wild suppers, the observed man on the Avenue des Champs Elysees, and in the theatres on the first night of new pieces. After living for many years with the most beautiful actress of Paris, Mlle. Doze, in an evil hour he married her. She made his life miserable. She sullied his name in every way. She wasted his substance with a frenzy of extravagance strange even there, and after ruining other men's estates, ruined her own constitution and died, still young and still beautiful, of her excesses, and as bankrupt of wealth as she was of health or honor, she left not enough to pay her funeral expenses. When she saw her dying hour at hand she begged Prince Napoleon to save her from the potter's field. As she invoked past hours to plead for her, he granted her prayer and she now sleeps in the Neuilly graveyard. Her husband's dissipation told early on his body, too. He reckoned one day he had paid $20,000 for champagne wine alone—judge of the rest. When he was thirty he was attacked by gout and softening of the spine. He daily grew worse, and for years past has not been able to sleep in a bed. The moment he quit an upright position he was menaced with suffocation. At times his tortures were so great his screams could be heard all over the neighborhood, which they alarmed. His impaired estate forced him to retire to one of the suburban villages, where a man is more completely forgotten than he is at Pere la Chaise. Funerals sometimes carry men to the cemetery; nothing takes them to the neighboring village, reached by an unknown road along offensive streets. Roger de Bauvoir did not escape the common fate of those who retire from the world. The last years of his life crawled sadly, painfully, lonely away. He could taste only two pleasures in the intervals of his pains; his love of books was uncooled to life's last hour, and whenever colchicum permitted, he had a good table. He had saved an income of twelve hundred dollars out of his estate which once afforded him thirty thousand dollars annually, and that pittance proved enough to ward off poverty's shafts. All his old friends attended his funeral. He was buried in the family vault at Pere la Chaise.

EXCITING COMBAT BETWEEN ROBBINS AND SWALLOWS—BURYING THEIR DEAD.—A very singular ornithological exhibition was witnessed in Bloomington, Indiana. A chimney swallow had only begun to balance his little body on the topmost branch of a large cherry tree, when a robin of aldermanic proportions swept down upon him from a neighboring maple. The swallow fought nobly for a while, and with every prospect of success, until his russet colored foe was reinforced by his mate; then, and not till then, did the little hero cry for quarter. Twittering loud and piteously, he attracted the attention of some of his tribe, and to his relief came the colony of a neighboring chimney. Now began a combat worthy a painter's pencil. As the swallows advanced and retired in dark waves they dealt cruel blows at the devoted robbins, who, maddened by pain, fought with desperation; but the odds were too great, and gasping, bleeding, catching from bough to bough, the robbins fell to the earth, shapeless and torn. Although intensely exciting, the combat was not the most interesting feature of this curious exhibition. Many of the swallows were covered with wounds given by the sharp claws and strong beaks of the unfortunate robbins, and these received the immediate attention of the unwounded, who, in pairs, carried them to their sooty homes. Now came the final and most singular feature. Tenderly, carefully and solemnly was each dead swallow conveyed to the top of a large chimney adjacent, and after piling up the rigid bodies in one sombre heap, the entire swarm settled upon the roof in silence, while one of their companions, whose great age was evident from the light ray of his feathers, perched upon the lightning-rod, for some five minutes chirped, twitted and flapped his wings. During this performance, which was evidently an oration upon the virtues of the deceased, the bird audience maintained their positions immoveable, but at its close three of the birds, whose black, glistening coats denoted their youth, advanced and cautiously pushed the bodies into the yawning chimney. This accomplished, each winged witness sailed away, noisily twittering, as though in heated discussion over the fight in which each had participated.

BUFFALO HUNTING seems to have been a popular sport of late among our Western citizens, the echoes of the prairies having been aroused by several parties. The *Cheyenne Daily Argus*, of Dakotah, in its issue of the 12th inst., indulges in the following talk about the sport:—

Six buffalo hunting parties have individualized the season. The Frost-Collins party killed seventeen. The Colonel-Butler-English-officer party shot forty. The English House-of-Commons-Lord-Morley-Cooper party killed six. The George P. Smith one-hundred-and-fifty-editors party killed twenty-three. The Ossian E. Dodge party shot four. And now the New-York-Opera-Box, Madison-Avenue, Durant-Train party on Saturday killed nine. This will end the hunting of the season, as the buffalo are already out of range. The party last mentioned rode fifty miles and struck a herd of thousands. Never before had ladies and school girls been surrounded by Pawnee Indians and wild buffalo. Sue Train astonished the Indians by her reckless riding. Mr. Train's epigram on his little daughter's bold dash among the buffalo is a decided hit. Here it is:—

SUE TRAIN, THE BUFFALO STEEPLE CHASER.

A little school girl twelve years old
Went hunting buffalo with Pawnees bold,
With hair and bridle flying loose.
The Indians cheer the white pappoose,
So strange a sight who'll ever see again,
A *Pawnee* escort to a wild *Sue* Train?

AN ELECTION BET.—About election times we frequently hear of ludicrous wagers made by enthusiastic adherents of the opposing candidates for the suffrages of the dear public, but the following eclipses anything of the sort which has hitherto come under our notice. At the recent charter election two prominent residents of Yorkville, whose names it is not necessary to know, made a wager, the stipulations whereof bound the loser to trundle a wheelbarrow, filled with white building sand, from the corner of Eighty-fourth street and Third avenue, down the avenue to Seventy ninth street, right about face and up the avenue again to Harlem Bridge and return to the place of starting; the victim to be clad in white summer clothing, and wear a white or straw hat. The loser is to set out upon his arduous journey, weather permitting, on Tuesday, 10th inst., between the hours of 12 M. and 6 P. M., and if he is but favored with nice, frosty weather, much sport may be anticipated. The tall, jolly boniface of the Hurigate Ferry House will be on hand to see that everything is done on the "square."

AN ASTONISHING CLAP OF THUNDER.—A family in the country had been losing stove wood for several weeks past. On the return of the family a few days since, the case was stated, and Sunday a pretty piece of fuel placed on the pile with the others. In the stick were two ounces of powder for safe keeping. Monday the stick was there—Tuesday the stick was there, and the laugh was getting on the man that fixed it. Wednesday morning the stick was gone. Wednesday morning an explosion was heard in a house near by, and the kitchen was spared no pains. A kettle of cabbage shot up through the roof like an arrow. Home boiling soup made a map on the ceiling. The cat has not been heard from since, but a smell of burnt hair pervades that house. The occupants of the ruin say—"Such tunder never cômes pefore. I py us a litenin' rod to-morrow, py tam."

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

A SMOKE I TOOK.

For the Clipper, by James Booker.

I sat and lit my first cigar,
And, as the smoke it curled,
I imagined in its fog I saw
A miniature-like world
Peopled with belles of every age,
That seemed so young and fair,
I thought I'd give my hat and coat
If I could have been there.

I puffed again, the picture changed,
The beauties all were old;
Each one of them had some defect,
I felt that I was sold.
Another whiff, they were old maids,
It was too hard a stroke,
I threw my cigar in the fire,
Thus ended my first smoke.

Nose and Cheeks.—A canter will give you ruddy cheeks; a decanter will give you a ruddy nose.

Charitableness.—The last, best fruits which come to late perfection, even in the kindliest soul, is tenderness towards the hard, forbearance towards the unforbearing, warmth of heart towards the cold, philanthropy towards the misanthropic.

History of the Reformation.—Judge Burnet, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, when young, was said to be of a wild and dissipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very serious humor, "What is the matter with you, Tom?" said the Bishop; "what are you ruminating on?" "A greater work than your lordship's History of the Reformation," answered the son. "Ay! what is that?" asked the father. "The reformation of myself, my Lord," replied the son.

Good Advice.—Keep the horrors at arm's length. Never turn a blessing round to see whether it has a dark side to it.

English Misses and French Mademoiselles.—The difference between them is: Your English miss flirts before she is married; your French mademoiselle gets married first, and flirts afterwards. Neither plan is safe, and both are objectionable.

A Democratic Retort.—"Make way, gentlemen!" cried a fussy Senator to some people the other day; "make way, we are the representatives of the people!" "Make way yourself!" replied a sturdy member of the throng; "we are the people themselves!"

Half Bred.—It isn't pleasant to be in the company of fellows who are only what a sandwich should be—*half bread.*

Business and Pleasure.—A Manchester gentleman having invented a new dance, with a true commercial eye has christened it the "Cotton Reel."

A Point not in Order.—A writer, in describing the last scene of "Othello," had this exquisite passage: "Upon which the Moor, seizing a bolster full of rage and jealousy, smothers her."

Defence against Burglary.—There is no safer protection against burglars than to feed your baby before going to bed with green apples. It will begin bellowing before midnight, and it is a sure thing it can't be stopped before morning.

A Catch on Wheels.—"Hullo, driver, your wheel is going round," sang out a little urchin to a cart driver, who was driving furiously through the streets the other day. The driver pulled up and looked anxiously on one side, then on the other. "You need not look now, it's stopped," coolly added the urchin.

Matthews, the comedian, stepping into an auction room on his way home, heard the auctioneer say, "Who bids more?" "I bid more," cried a voice from the far end of the room. "And pray, sir, what do you bid?" asked the auctioneer. "I bid you good day," said Matthews, and left the room amidst roars of laughter.

Too Young for a "Sojer."—A person called upon a comb-maker, who was then at work, to let him know that he was drawn for the militia. "I don't care," answered the comb-maker, "I am too young for the service." "Too young, and about thirty! What do you mean?" "No matter for that," rejoined the comb-maker, "I can prove that I am now *cutting my teeth!*"

A Spirited Remark.—A certain Scotchman, not a member of the temperance society, being asked by a dealer to purchase some fine old Jamaica rum, drily answered, "To tell the truth, sir, I canna say I'm very fond o' rum; for if I tak mair than sax tumblers, it's very apt to gie a body the headache."

Early Rising.—Dean Swift says, he never knew a man rise to eminence who lay in bed of a morning; Dr. Franklin says, he who rises late may trot all day, but never overtake his business.

Cupid's Bullet-in.—A gentleman killed himself in Florida lately for the love of a Miss Bullet. The poor fellow couldn't live with a bullet in his heart; in fact, he got the "bullet," though he didn't marry the lady.

A Thanksgiving Conundrum.—"Oh, I am so glad you like birds! What kind do you most admire?" said a wife to her husband. "Well, I think a good turkey, with plenty of seasoning, about as good as any."

Courting in the Kitchen.—"Jenny," said a landlady to her maid the other morning, "Jenny, was there any fire in the kitchen last night, while you were sitting up?" "Yes, marm," said Jenny, "there was a spark there when I went down, and I soon fanned it into a flame." The landlady looked suspiciously at Jenny, but she, innocent girl, went on scrubbing and humming "Costermonger Joe."

"Poor Smith" Again.—"How do you do, Mr. Smith?" "Do what?" "Why, how do you find yourself?" "I never lost myself." "Well, how have you been?" "Been! been where?" "Pshaw! how do you feel?" "Feel! why, what do you mean?" "Good morning, Mr. Smith." "It's not a good morning—it's wet and nasty."

A Political Pun.—A stump orator declared that he knew no north, no south, no east, no west. "Then," said a bystander, "go to school and learn geography."

EPIGRAM ON A DECOLLETE DRESS.

That "effects are the same from a similar cause,"
Is one of the famous Socratian laws,
Whose fallacy we may discover;
For quite in the teeth of the logical rule,
The style of apparel that keeps Emma cool,
Just kindles a flame in her lover.

The Romance of Life.—During the performance of a piece called the "Battle of Sedgemoor," at Glasgow theatre, when a favorite actress was upon the stage, a tall military-looking gentleman suddenly started from his seat in the pit, loudly exclaiming, "My wife, by heaven!—my own Eliza!" Excitement and astonishment of course ensued; and an explanation taking place resulted in the discovery that the gentleman was a Lieutenant Lewis, in very truth the lady's husband. He had been on foreign service for many years, and was now accompanied by the lady's son, a fine fellow of two and twenty, and upwards of six feet in height. Each believing the other dead, the lady had married a Mr. DeBough, who had died about eighteen months before. The next week, accompanied by a respectable body of friends, the happy pair appeared before a clergyman, who, after hearing the particulars, again reunited two hearts, whom fortune and chances of war had put asunder.

A Showman "Sold."—Showmen, as a general rule, are tolerably "sharp," and it is no easy matter to overreach them; but when they are fooled, it is a matter of great amusement to those present. Last summer there was an exhibition in a tent, in one of our public places—a sort of menagerie on a small scale. Before the entrance of the tent, the proprietor was boasting to a considerable crowd of the innumerable wonders to be seen for a shilling. While in the midst of a speech, overflowing with large words, he was somewhat summarily interrupted by the following exclamation from a man near him, who had a boy with him:—"I'll bet you five shillings that you can't let me see that lion." "Done," said the showman, eagerly. "Put down your money." The man placed the sum in the hands of a bystander, and, the showman, counting out the change, did the same. "Now walk this way," said the showman, "and I'll convince you." The man and his little boy followed him into the tent, the whole crowd following. "There!" said the showman, triumphantly, "look in that corner at that beautiful Numidian lion." "Where?" asked the man, looking in every direction but the right one. "Why, there!" was the astonished reply. "I don't see any," responded the other. "What is the matter with you?" asked the showman, who began to smell rats. "*I can't see,*" was the grinning reply. The showman was very industriously employed in turning out the crowd for the next few minutes, while the blind man pocketed the stakes, and went.

BREVITIES.

Satan tempts—woman takes.

Gin-rooster is the French translation of cock-tail.

In the Lancashire dialect "pitch-in" is the vernacular for railroad collision.

Pet puppies are coming in with the foreign fashions.

Roscius, the actor, is stated to have had eight wives. That's eight-Roscius.

The worm that dyeth men's noses—the still worm.

A man in Australia found a $30,000 nugget, and shortly after died in a poor-house.

A man in Havana recently attempted to elope with three women on the same evening.

A lady in Washington was divorced last Tuesday morning, and married again at noon.

Trinity Church, Brooklyn, is to have the highest spire in the country, two hundred and seventy-five feet.

A Leather Monument.—One of Weston's old shoes, with proper attestation of it's genuineness, was received by mail at Portland, Me., with the following inscription on the tag attached to the package:—"One of Weston's shoes, procured at enormous expense by the citizens of Cleveland, Ohio, and presented by them to the citizens of Portland, Me., as a monument to the enterprise of one of its citizens."

A man had a sign up—"Cheap ladies' shoes for sale here." He found that not a woman entered his shop. No wonder; the ladies don't like to be called cheap—they want to be called *dear.*

What Constitutes Game.—An Italian nobleman, boasting the other day of the quantity of game he had on his estate in the provinces, said, "I have great quantities of partridge, woodcock, wild boar, wolves, and about *fifty brigands.*"

It is common to speak of those whom a flirt jilts, as her victims. This is a grave error. Her real victim is the man whom she accepts. This reminds us of a simile—"A coquette is a rose from whom every lover plucks a leaf—the thorn remains for the husband."

Powerful Pills.—An itinerant quack in Texas was applied to by one of Col. Hays' rangers to extract the iron part of an Indian arrow from his head, where it had lodged for some time. "I cannot 'stract this, stranger," said the would-be doctor, "because to do it would be nigh killin' ye; but I can give ye a box o' pills that will melt it in yer head."

How to Make a Fortune.—A man in Hartford, Conn., advertised recently, that on the receipt of a certain sum he would, by return mail, instruct any applicant how to make a fortune. His directions were, "Peddle cigars, half Havana and half home made, as I did, and if that fails, advertise as I do, that you will instruct others how to make a fortune—and pocket the proceeds."

Game.—"I say, boy, is there anything to shoot about here?" inquired a sportsman of a boy he met. "Well," replied the boy, "nothing just about here, but our schoolmaster is just over the hill there cutting birch rods; you might walk up and pop him over."

BALL PLAY.

THE SEASON'S AVERAGES.

QUAKER CITY CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Quaker City Club of Philadelphia closed its first season on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28th, and the results, as here presented, show a success rarely, if ever, equalled by a club in the first year of its existence. The club was organized March 6th, 1867, and opened the campaign May 6th, with the Camden Club of Camden, N. J., in a game of six innings, which they won by a score of 23 to 17. Since then they have engaged in thirty Association games, and thirty-seven games with clubs in and out of the National Association; losing out of this number eight, and making in the aggregate number of runs within nine of double that of their opponents. The Quakers have suffered severely during the season with the malady peculiar to base ball clubs, called "cantgetyournineout," and in a great number of their most important games have been obliged to resort to the assistance of the "subs." Prior to the first game with the Athletic Club, Pratt was severely injured, and they were obliged to play without their pitcher, a point so defective, considering the absence of so powerful a player, that it seemed almost like playing the tragedy of "Hamlet" with the character of Hamlet left out. They have had, too, a very persistent enemy to battle against in the person of the "clerk of the weather," whose disfavors to the boys have earned them the *sobriquet* of the "rainy day club," no less than thirteen games having been prevented and several prematurely ended by rain, among the first being those with the Mutual of New York, and Jefferson and National of Washington. Among the games counted as "non-association" games are two, one with the Atlantics of Brooklyn, and one with the Bachelors of Philadelphia, neither of which, the Quaker City Club says, "are recognized by the Association on account of members of other Association clubs taking part to make up the nines."

Altogether the season has been a very successful one, and urged by the encouragement of the past year the Quaker City Club intend making a strong effort for supremacy in the next. The Q. C's figures are in the first columns.

Camden of Camden	23	17	Pastime of Baltimore	15	18
Geary of Philadelphia	33	15	Camden of Camden	22	21
Geary of Philadelphia	39	11	Irvington of N. J.	27	14
Alvin of Philadelphia	48	12	Arctic of Phila	26	16
West Phila'da of Phila	40	13	Olympic of Wash'ton	29	11
Keystone of Phila	25	51	Bachelor of Phila	39	9
Alvin of Phila	95	8	Athletic of Phila	8	57
Bachelor of Phila	29	8	Keystone of Phila	13	21
West Phila'da of Phila	20	11	Athletic of Phila	10	16
Keystone of Phila	37	42	Wawassett of Wil., Del.	65	9
Arctic of Phila	70	26	‡Keystone of Phila	9	0
Bachelor of Phila	50	14	*Leonore of Phila	85	11
Union of Camden	36	14	*Eagle of Norristown	56	5
Harry Clay of Phila	49	40	*Perry of Phila	45	13
Columbia of N. J	48	18	†Atlantic of Brooklyn	21	24
Columbia of N. J	30	12	*Eagle of Norristown	35	17
Harry Clay of Phila	36	17	*Perry of Phila	63	3
Union of Camden	38	28	†Bachelor of Phila	12	17
Haymakers, N. Y	10	20			

*Games marked thus were with clubs not members of the National Association.

†Games marked thus are not recognized by the Association, members of other clubs taking part.

‡Forfeited game; not credited on players' clean scores.

Association games, 30; Quaker City, 1,012 runs; opponents, 579. Total games, 37; Quaker City, 1,329; opponents, 669.

AVERAGES IN ASSOCIATION GAMES.

Names.	Games.	Runs.	Av'ge Runs.	Outs.	Av'ge Outs.	Clean Scores.	Blank Scores.
Chapman	23	107	4-15	48	2-2	3	0
Flowers	21	88	4-4	43	2-1	2	0
Malone	29	125	4-9	65	2-7	2	0
Brown	12	45	3-9	26	2-2	1	0
Potter	17	65	3-14	40	2-6	1	0
Donohue	30	108	3-6	84	2-24	1	1
Pratt	22	86	3-20	55	2-11	1	1
Deshong	21	81	3-18	55	2-13	1	0
Rivers	10	36	3-6	31	3-1	0	0
Shaw	13	42	3-3	42	3-3	0	2
Heubel	25	81	3-7	84	3-9	0	1
Howell	12	27	2-3	40	3-4	0	3

FLY CATCHES IN ALL GAMES.

	No. of Games.	No. of Flies.	Average.
Potter	22	37	1-15
Howell	14	24	1-10
Chapman	28	41	1-13
Malone	34	45	1-11
Flowers	27	32	1-5
Donohue	37	35	0-35
Heubel	31	22	0-22
Deshong	26	11	0-11
Pratt	24	8	0-8
Shane	17	6	0-6
Brown	16	7	0-7

JEFFERSON BASE BALL CLUB, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

The first nine of this club, during the season of 1867, played in 16 match games with Convention clubs, winning 10 and losing 5 games, one being a tie. They defeated the Empire, Capitol, and Severn, of Annapolis (twice each), Union, Interior, Potomac, and Continental, and were defeated by the National (twice), Union, Olympic, and Athletic, of Philadelphia. In these games they scored a total of 434 runs to 444 by opponents; giving an average of 33 runs to a game with 6 over, and 4 runs to an innings with 59 over. Their highest score in a game was 85, and their lowest 10, the highest and lowest of their opponents being respectively 57 and 12; their highest score in an innings was 32, receiving blanks in the same 23 times to 28 returned on opponents. In these games they caught 160 fly-balls, muffing 61, to 128 and 63 by opponents.

	Matches.	Outs.	Average.	Runs.	Average.	Clean Score.	Blank Score.
Joyce	16	36	2-2	67	4-2	1	0
McCauley	8	19	2-3	34	4-2	1	0
Shields	15	32	2-1	55	3-7	0	2
Anderson	15	35	2-3	53	3-5	1	1
Page	14	41	2-9	58	4-1	1	1
Finney	15	42	2-8	58	3-8	1	0
Doyle	13	35	2-7	47	3-6	1	0
Yeatman	11	29	2-6	39	3-5	0	0
Daniels	14	39	2-8	50	3-6	0	0
Stone	9	23	2-5	24	2-7	1	0
McClelland	5	19	3-8	13	2-6	0	0

In the average of the outs and runs, the fraction over is reduced to a decimal, by which the average of all the players can be more easily compared.

UNION CLUB, OF ST. LOUIS.

The Union club, the champions of Missouri, played ten first-nine games during the past season, winning all but one, that with the National club, of Washington. The games they won were with the Hope (three), Empire (two), Magnolia (one), Resolute (two), and Pickwick (one), as follows:—

May 9—Union, 36; Pickwick, 20.
June 20—Union, 82; Hope, 29.
July 2—Union, 59; Empire, 29.
July 10—Union, 34; Empire, 32.
July 22—Union, 26; National, 113.
Sept. 5—Union, 59; Magnolia, 30.
Sept. 14—Union, 69; Hope, 27.
Sept. 19—Union, 60; Resolute, 41.
Sept. 28—Union, 51; Resolute, 39.
Oct. 5—Union, 44; Hope, 22.

In these games they made 520 runs to 382, an average of 52 to a game, and 5 runs to an innings, with 70 over. Their highest score in a game was 82, and their lowest 26; the highest and lowest of their opponents' being 113 and 20. They won the championship from the Empire club in a closely contested game, on the 10th of July, by a score of 34 to 32.

The following are the averages of those players who took part in five, or more games:—

	Games.	Outs.	Average.	Runs.	Average.	Clean Score.	Blank Score.
W. Duncan	10	20	2-0	62	6-2	2	0
R. Duncan	10	21	2-1	67	6-7	1	0
Greenleaf	10	31	3-1	52	5-2	0	0
Cabaune	9	20	2-2	60	6-6	0	0
Freeman	9	21	2-4	59	6-5	0	0
Meacham	9	36	4-0	45	5-0	0	0
Smith	8	24	3-0	40	5-0	0	0
Prairty	5	15	3-0	31	6-1	0	0

HARVARD CLUB, OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

This crack College Club has just closed a most successful season. They played twelve first-nine games, in all of which they were successful except one game of their match with the Lowell Club, of Boston. They scored 562 runs against 242, an average of 46 to a game and 16 over, and 5 to an innings and 2 over. Their highest score in a game was 71 against 11, and the lowest 18 against 6. They defeated the Lowell, Woban and Somerset Clubs twice each, and the Excelsior, Eagle, Upton, Granite and Beacon once each.

The following are the averages of the players who took part in eight games and over:—

	Games.	Outs.	Average.	Runs.	Average.	Clean Score.	Blank Score.
Shaw	12	28	2-4	68	5-8	0	0
Parker	9	21	2-3	51	5-6	0	0
Ames	12	35	2-11	66	5-6	0	0
Hunnewell	12	36	3-0	64	5-3	0	0
Mealy	8	15	1-7	41	5-1	0	0
Sprague	12	34	2-10	58	4-10	0	0
Willard	10	29	2-9	49	4-9	0	0
Flagg	9	25	2-6	44	4-8	0	0
Smith	11	33	3-0	52	4-8	0	0

ATLANTIC CLUB, OF BUFFALO.

This club engaged in ten games the past season, of which they won eight and lost two. They defeated the Star, of Black Rock, twice, and the Arctic, Ellsworth, Central, Mutual, (second nine,) Olympic and Picked Nine, once each. They were defeated twice by the Mutual Club. In their games they scored a total of 455 runs to 254, giving an average of 45 runs to a game and 4 over, and 5 to an innings and 5 over.

We give the averages of those who took part in the games:—

	Games.	Outs.	Average.	Runs.	Average.	Clean. Score.	Blank Score.
Marvin	9	23	2-5	56	6-2	0	0
Oliver	5	12	2-2	28	5-3	1	0
Greene	5	13	2-3	27	5-2	0	0
Phelps	9	27	3-6	46	5-1	0	0
Leon	9	26	2-8	44	4-8	0	0
Gat	8	15	1-7	39	4-7	1	0
Dunbar	9	22	2-4	43	4-7	0	0
Hutchinson	6	21	3-3	25	4-1	0	0
Wells	6	25	4-1	24	4-0	0	0

LINCOLN CLUB, OF PITTSBURGH.

The following are the twelve highest averages of the Lincoln Base Ball Club, of Pittsburgh, Pa., for the season of 1867:—

	Games.	Runs.	Average.	Outs.	Average.	Clean Score.	Blank Score.
Lane	11	49	4-5	25	2-3	2	0
Jones	6	27	4-3	12	2-0	1	0
McClintock	6	26	4-2	15	2-3	0	0
Lawrence	10	37	3-7	23	2-3	0	0
Loughrey	6	23	3-5	5	1-1	2	0
Carpenter	9	31	3-4	22	2-4	0	0
Orr	6	22	3-4	20	3-2	0	0
McClelland	11	35	3-2	36	3-3	0	0
Telford	5	16	3-1	15	3-0	0	0
Smith	10	26	2-6	31	3-1	0	0
Worth'gton	5	13	2-3	15	3-0	0	0
Kurtz	3	8	2-2	8	2-2	0	0

THE RING.

THE PUGILISTIC EVENT OF THE AGE

FOR THE

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP AND $10,000,

BETWEEN

JOSEPH COBURN, OF NEW YORK,

AND

MICHAEL McCOOLE, OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

Interesting Record of their Antecedents.

There is nothing of startling interest to communicate in reference to the all important match between the two representative heavy-weight boxers of the east and west, Joe Coburn and Mike McCoole. Now that the great agony of anticipation is over, the public have settled down to a calm, unimpassioned discussion of the match and the merits of the rivals, which will be pretty thoroughly dissected and analyzed ere the arrival of the eventful day. The fact that this match will give rise to more general interest, and more money change owners upon its issue, than any similar event which has occurred in this country since Hyer and Sullivan fought, is patent to the mind of every thinking man conversant with the subject, and is attested by the knowledge we have obtained of large wagers already made by shrewd, experienced sporting men. The fact that these bets were made at evens shows that the men are regarded as very evenly mated, the adherents of Coburn arguing that his wonderful cleverness and thorough knowledge of everything appertaining to the art will be found, as before, to more than counterbalance the immense advantage of height, strength, weight, and age, possessed by the Irish Giant, while the latter's partisans are as firmly convinced to the contrary; all of which will tend to increase the betting fever to an unprecedented extent. As promised last week, we herewith present sketches of the men and their performances, with allusions to the record and whereabouts of the men with whom they fought, which will be read with interest by all:—

Joseph Coburn was ushered into existence at the village of Middletown, County Armagh, Ireland, a land famous as the birthplace of many illustrious exponents of the fistic art, July 20th, 1835, and as a natural consequence is now thirty-two years of age. He stands 5 feet 9 inches in his stockings, and in condition weighs 154 lbs. His parents removed to this country when Joe was yet very young, taking up their abode in New York, where the subject of our sketch was apprenticed when he had arrived at a proper age to a bricklayer. He early gave evidence of the possession of the essential qualities for the formation of a first class boxer, and having a passion for this species of athletic recreation, much of his leisure time during apprenticeship was devoted to perfecting himself in the mysteries of the science. He became a regular *habitue* at sparring entertainments, where he encountered the best boxers of his day, and became so proficient in an astonishingly brief period that few of his own size manifested any inclination to put up their hands in opposition to Joe. His wonderful science, agility and splendid *physique* attracted the attention of many shrewd *connoisseurs* in such matters, and, desiring to have the correctness or erroneousness of their estimate of his capabilities as a fighter established, they cast their eyes about in search of some likely young fellow to pit against Sir Joseph in the twenty-four foot circle.

The choice fell upon Ed. Price, a young man a couple of years Joe's senior, who had arrived from London a few years previous, and located himself in Boston. He had fought several times for small amounts in the old country, proving successful in each encounter, and gaining for himself an excellent reputation for pluck, endurance and science. A purse of $300 was quickly subscribed, which the rivals fought for at Spy Pond, about eight miles from Boston, Mass., on May 1, 1856, and as it was an impromptu affair, neither man was in proper condition. Coburn took the lead from the very outset, punishing Price severely, but the latter came up gamely, round after round, until they had toed the mark one hundred and sixty times, in three hours and twenty minutes, when darkness put an end to it, and the referee declared it a drawn battle. Although the most severely handled of the two, Price had fought himself into something like condition, and was probably the stronger man at the finish. But as Coburn's frame had as yet scarcely attained maturity, while his antagonist had the advantage of height, weight and age, his performance was considered very creditable and gave entire satisfaction to his friends. After defeating Australian Kelly, Price severed his connection with affairs pugilistique, and for some years past has resided in Washington, where he is at present poring perseveringly over ponderous volumes of Coke and Blackstone, with a view of preparing himself for admission to the bar, having resolved to adopt the law as a profession. He is in comfortable if not affluent circumstances, and being a man endowed with much natural ability, of fine intellectual attainments, an excellent linguist, of pleasing address, and a boon companion, moves in the best society, hobnobs with Senators and M. C.'s, and is fairly on the road to fame and fortune.

The backers of Coburn now looked around for another opportunity to further test his merits. Their desire was gratified the year following, when Harry Gribbin, who had fought five times in the English ring, pulling off three events, signified his willingness to try conclusions with Joe, and they were matched for $500 a side. They fought in Canada, Nov. 18th, 1857, Gribbin being knocked out of time in the 21st round, after they had been fighting half an hour. Although Gribbin was much older than his opponent, he possessed the advantages of height and weight, which, to some extent, counteracted the superior science of Coburn, whose activity enabled him to hit his opponent heavily without receiving any material punishment in return. Harry has since gone the way of all flesh, having passed in his checks at Virginia City N. T., August 16th, 1865 at the age of forty, regretted by all who knew him. On the 7th of August, prior to his engagement with Gribbin, he had a turn-up with Patsy Flynn, a noted bully of the Fourth Ward, whom he polished off in short order, administering severe punishment, and escaping with comparatively little himself. Billy Mulligan, who has since been shot in California, seconded Flynn, and Jim Hughes, since deceased, officiated in like capacity for Coburn, who had very few friends among those present, a fact which, coupled with the animosity existing between the parties, seemed to endow him with additional power and call all his faculties into action, for he fought like an enraged tiger, completely using Patsy up in three short, sharp and decisive rounds. The ability displayed by Joe in this encounter proved him equally at home in a rough-and-tumble—for this affair partook of that character to a great extent—as in the roped arena, and added to his reputation as a game, scientific and determined fighter.

Shortly subsequent to this, Con Fitzgerald, who defeated Hugh Kelley, Tom Sayles and Ned Wilson, and received forfeit from Patsey Flynn, had a difficulty with Coburn, and they resorted to nature's weapons, off-hand fashion, for its adjustment, and Joe came off with flying colors. In the fall of 1858 he was matched with Australian Kelly, who came to this country with a big reputation, by virtue of defeating Jonathan Smith, in Australia, in 6 hours and 15 minutes, the longest battle on record. Fifty dollars were staked on either side, but Coburn not being on time with the second instalment, Jem claimed forfeit, and the stakeholder delivered to him the money down. This riled Joe, and happening to meet Kelly shortly afterward at a down-town saloon, they had it then and there, Coburn obtaining satisfaction by punishing the Newcastle man terribly. Kelly was afterward compelled to succumb to Ned Price and Dan Kerrigan, and, shortly after his fight with the latter, turned his attention to cultivating the soil of Jersey, which he has found more profitable than the ring, having amassed a snug sum for a rainy day.

Coburn was now permitted, through lack of a customer of his avoirdupois, to remain on the shelf until the winter of '62, when he got on a match with Mike McCoole, who had gained a good reputation in the West and South for gameness and capability of giving and receiving punishment, by vanquishing Bill Blake and Tom Jennings. They fought for $2,000 and the championship, at Charlestown, Cecil Co., Md., May 5, 1863. McCoole had height, weight and strength on his side, and Coburn, knowing nothing of his tactics, fought cautiously at first, until he had reduced Mac to something near his own weight, when he assumed the offensive, and maintained it throughout, showering in blows thick and fast, and keeping well out of the way of the sledge-hammer favors offered by the Western Giant, until the close of the 37th round, when McCoole couldn't face the music any more, and his seconds elevated the sponge in token of defeat, just 1 hour and 10 minutes having elapsed from the moment they placed themselves in position. McCoole was dreadfully beaten, while Joe was scarcely marked. Coburn's fine style of fighting commanded the admiration of everybody at the ring side—he proved himself a hard hitter, quick to perceive and take advantage of an opening, active in avoiding danger, a neat stopper, conversant with all the tricks known to the profession, excellent judgment, great fertility of resources, and a cool head to guide him in their selection in cases of emergency. The great advantage given McCoole by his tremendous bulk and muscular power were more than counterbalanced by his entire lack of science, the slowness of his delivery, and his inability to follow Coburn up or get out of his way. It was a striking illustration of the superiority of skill over mere brute strength.

The Man of Armagh was now at the top round of the ladder of pugilistic fame in his adopted country, "Champion of America," and, like Alex. Selkirk of old, his "right there was none to dispute," nobody seeming to think they had any license with a man who whipped one at least twenty pounds heavier than himself without scarcely a mark. A belt was presented to him at Ned James' benefit at the City Assembly Rooms, June 16, 1863. Finding no probability of getting on a match with anybody here and anxious for a trial with the best the world could produce, immediately after King's victory over Heenan Coburn challenged the winner to fight in Canada, for $10,000. In due time King replied, stating that he had resolved to fight no more. Coburn was particularly desirous of getting on with "the cleverest man in all England," and while awaiting King's answer, forwarded another challenge with the same conditions, to "Jem Mace or any man in England." The latter wouldn't agree to fight in America on any condition, however, but offered to do so in Ireland, which Coburn unhesitatingly agreed to do.

Joe at once made preparations for the journey, and on May 14th following, sailed for Ireland, in company with Jim Cusick and Jim Dunn, in the City of Washington, having been presented with a champion belt by a number of friends previous to his departure. They arrived at their destination May 27th, and arrangements were speedily made to fight at Pierstown, Parish of Kilmara, County Tipperary, Ireland—Coburn having learned a lesson from the treatment received by Heenan, and not fancying a taste of British "fair play"—for £1,000, Coburn to receive £100 for expenses. Coburn appeared in the ring at the appointed time on the 4th of October, 1864 but Mace was *non est*, having "scattered" for England the night previous, in consequence of the failure to agree upon a referee. It would occupy too much space to give the details of what followed; to allude to the statements and counter-statements made by both parties; for an explanation thereof we refer the reader to the full and accurate reports of the CLIPPER's special reporter, who went to Ireland expressly to see the fight that didn't come off. Suffice it to know that on October 14th, Coburn received £100 to draw the money—which was pretty good evidence that he had the best of the argument—and returned to New York November 2.

Since then Coburn has been to all intents and purposes on the "retired list," although open to fight anybody for $5,000 a side, and with the exception of one or two turn-ups with prominent characters, has not been conspicuously before the public. He has lived anything else but an abstemious life, and it will require a careful and vigorous course of preparation—an entire re-building of the man, as it were—to bring him to the mark in proper condition to stand before a man so much heavier, taller, and with such tremendous hitting powers as Mike McCoole. It would be unreasonable to expect him to be in anything like as good fix as he was on the day of their former meeting.

Michael McCoole also hails from the land of the Shamrock, poteen and rosy-cheeked maids, and, like Coburn, is a good Roman, and thorough going Fenian. He first ope'd his infantile orbs on the green fields of Erin Go Bragh, at Ballabufay, County Donegal, on the 12th day of March, A. D. 1837, which makes him now two years the junior of Joe. He is all of 6 feet ¾ of an inch in height, pulls down the beam at 180lbs or thereabouts, of herculean frame, well proportioned, with square, massive shoulders, covered with ridges and knots of muscle, good arms, wide, strong loins, and a magnificent pair of underpinnings, his entire appearance reminding one of the ex-champion and M. C., John Morrissey, in his palmiest days as a member of the gladiatorial arena. Michael came to this country at an early stage of his existence, his family locating themselves in the West, which holds out greater inducements to strangers from other lands seeking a home in the New World than does the thickly populated commercial and manufacturing cities and towns of the East. He learned the trade of a currier and tanner, but when he had finished the term of his apprenticeship he bade adieu to this not very congenial occupation, and for a number of years was engaged in steamboating on the Mississippi. While following this occupation he was thrown into daily contact with men of a rough, pugnacious class, employed as deck hands, firemen, etc., on those far-famed craft. In the frequent rough and tumble fights in which he became involved, he generally came off first best, and in time his vast power and utter disregard of punishment, coupled with his unflinching courage, caused him to be looked upon as invincible, and gained for him considerable notoriety among the rough alleys who infested the boats plying up and down the Father of Waters, ere Uncle Sam's gunboats held sway on its bosom.

In the spring of 1859, a man by the name of William Blake, but more generally known by the popular fighting sobriquet of "Dublin Tricks" (who seconded McCoole in his fight with Bill Davis), flourished in the Mound City, and hearing of the stories floating around about the McCoole, made overtures for a game of fisticuffs. Mike, desirous of putting his abilities to a test in the orthodox fashion, was nothing loth, and he found friends in Louisville, Ky., where he was then residing, who were willing to risk a couple of centuries upon him, and, accordingly, a match was made for $200 a side. They fought at Twelve Mile Island, near Louisville, June 27, 1859. Blake was a ponderous specimen of the *genus homo*, weighing 186 lbs., while Mac was seven pounds heavier. The fight lasted thirty-one minutes, and was terminated by Blake, who was the more skillful of the two, being knocked completely out of time by a crushing blow on the body—McCoole's favorite point of attack—in the 29th round, deciding the battle in Mike's favor. Though McCoole in this, his first regular ring encounter, proved himself to be a "thoroughbred" as far as pluck and heavy hitting were concerned, he exhibited a total ignorance of the prescribed rules of boxing, winning more by good luck than superior ability. It was the means of adding considerably to the reputation he had already achieved, and, relying on his immense power, there were men behind him who were ready to back him against anybody in that section.

He still prosecuted the avocation of boatman, which frequently took him to New Orleans, and during one of his visits to that city in the spring of 1861, he was matched for $300 a side against Tom Jennings, then cock-of-the-walk thereaway. Tom had just returned to the Crescent City from the North, where he had gone for the express purpose of effecting a match with Ed Price or Aaron Jones, but Nedwin was suffering with an injured hand, and Jones, who had been living rather fast for some time, desired a quartet of moons for preparation, which Jennings couldn't think of agreeing to, and so he had to take the back track without accomplishing anything. They fought a short distance from the city, May 2d, 1861, when Jennings, although he inflicted some punishment upon his burly opponent, hadn't the stamina to endure the body-pelting with which he was favored, through his inability to keep out of danger, and at the end of the 27th round he was unable to come to Limerick, and McCoole was for the second time proclaimed the victor after battling 33 minutes. Mac had many obstacles to overcome in this battle—the first of which was the seizure by the authorities of the boat which had been engaged to convey himself and friends to the battle ground, preventing the latter from attending, and necessitating the traversing by Mike and his trainer of some miles through swamps and cane-breaks, which, of course, occasioned great fatigue. Second—upon arriving on the ground he found himself without a second, and was obliged to appeal to the crowd, nearly all of whom were adherents of Jennings, stating that he had come there to fight, only wanted a fair shake, and would be obliged to any one who would kindly consent to act for him. This manly appeal occasioned a revulsion in popular feeling in his favor, the boys seeing that he was perfectly straightforward, and McCarty, of St. Louis, at once volunteered to second him. Muscle and heavy hitting again gained the day for Mac, who showed no improvement in skill, but his partisans thought so well of him that they expressed their readiness to match him against Heenan for $3 000 a side, but nothing came of it, consequent upon Carmel's departure for England to fulfil an engagement previously entered into with Howes & Cushing's Circus.

The gigantic Michael was now in high favor in the south and west—indeed, so much did his friends fancy him that they proposed a match for $1,000 a side and the championship with Joe Coburn, who was then high daddy in the eastern section of Uncle Samuel's dominions. The latter, having failed in his endeavor to get on a second match with Ed. Price (who, having a business in the Capitol which paid him better, had no desire to re-enter the ring) as likewise with Joe Goss, who got accommodated nearer home by Posh Price, was only too happy to have a go with the western champion. With both men anxious, no difficulty was experienced in coming to an agreement, and in due season all the money was posted in our hands. The memorable conflict was decided at Charlestown, Cecil county, Md., May 5, 1863. After fighting sixty-seven rounds in seventy minutes, McCoole was compelled to lower his standard, Coburn having gained the day by his far superior science, activity and cunning, nearly knocking the life out of Mike, to use a familiar though somewhat extravagant phrase, and passing through the ordeal almost scatheless himself. This demonstrated the fact that, although Mac would have ten chances to one against a man of equal skill, he had not perceptibly improved since his fight with Blake, and could only expect to achieve a triumph over a man anything like as clever as the County Armagh hero by a chance blow, which won't always do to bet money on.

McCoole now laid on his oars until the summer of 1866, at which time he was located in St. Louis, where he had made many staunch friends by his manly, straight-forward way of doing business. About this time, Bill Davis, who had for months been endeavoring to get on a match with Dunn, Elliott or Woods, without success, through no fault of his, chanced to bring up in the Mound City on his way east from Omaha, and hearing that McCoole was looking about for a customer, at once expressed his willingness to take a hack at the burly westerner. Of course, Michael was agreeable, and his friends coming down with the dust, a match was arranged without much ado, and they fought Sept. 19th, 1866, at Rhoad's Point, Choulton Island, nine miles above St. Louis, for $1,000 a side and a splendid champion's belt, subscribed for by a number of leading sports of the city, and valued at $350. The fight was entirely devoid of science—a struggle, brief but terrific, in which brute strength was at a premium, and he who possessed the most thereof won the day. McCoole at once took the lead, delivering his sledge-hammer like blows, slow but sure, with fearful effect on the head and body, beating Davis' face into a jelly, and raising huge lumps on his ribs. Davis came up with the utmost gameness, round after round, punishing his antagonist severely, though his blows by no means compared in force with those of Mike, until 34 rounds had been rushed through in exactly as many minutes, when Bill was knocked senseless and Mac again proclaimed victor.

The belt they fought for is 34 inches long, 4 inches wide, and is composed of nine plates, the inner five being of solid 18 carat gold and the outer four of coin silver—all attached to a fine morocco belt. On the centre plate is engraved an eagle perched upon the American shield and bearing in its mouth a scroll containing the inscription, "Champion of America." The plates on either side of this bear a representation of the prize ring. Altogether it is a beautiful affair and reflects credit upon the designers, Messrs. Looney and Carroll. Bill Davis, who previously defeated Jack Smith, Pearson and Tom Daley, was beaten by Dunn, and since succumbed to Elliott, and beat Charley Gallagher, has now retired from the ring and settled down in Cleveland, O., where it is to be hoped he will be more fortunate than he was while earning his bread by the sweat of his face in the squared circle.

Immediately after his victory over Davis it was intimated that McCoole desired to try his hand with his old opponent, and conqueror, whereupon Coburn called at our office and stated that he would fight him in six months from signing articles for $5,000 a side. Aaron Jones challenged him at the same time for $2,000 or $2,500 a side. Michael preferred to rest on his laurels for a spell, however, and quietly attended to his business as a boniface in St. Louis. After the lapse of a few months, during which the sporting public were kept in hot water by various propositions passing between them, on the 31st of May last articles were signed, whereby they, McCoole and Jones, agreed to fight within fifty miles of Cincinnati for $1,000 a side at catch weight. This match created a deal of interest, owing to Jones' excellent record in England, where he beat Bob Wade, was beaten by Harry Orme, Paddock and Tom Sayers, and fought a draw with the latter, and many thought that if Jones could be got into proper fix his superior prowess would secure him the trophy. They fought at Busenbark's Station, Butler Co., O., August 31st, Aaron being knocked out of time by a rasper between the eyes in the 34th round, which, strangely enough, tallied precisely with the number fought in his battle with Davis, although this lasted but twenty-six minutes. McCoole forced matters all along, and astonished all by the number of hits he got home on the face and body, Aaron being too awkward on his feet to keep out of harm's way.

Although by no means a scientific fight, no attempt being made at stopping, Mac showed that he had not been idle since the 5th of May, '63, but had improved considerably in the manly art. In the 29th round, Jones napped a tremendous blow on the ribs which knocked him clean through the ropes, two of his ribs sustaining compound fractures; and the blow which knocked him out of time produced congestion of the brain and vomiting, poor Aaron being in a very critical condition for some days after the fight. McCoole was also badly pummelled about the face, his forehead being deeply cut, left cheek battered and left eye almost closed. The ability displayed by the winner in this encounter and the evidence of improvement he gave, together with the supposition that Coburn, from his style of living for years past, would be unable to get in right fix, induced McCoole's friends to back him against the skilful New Yorker once more, which just suited Joseph, and after some little newspaper talk and weeks of correspondence the present match was effected.

TOVEE'S NIGHT AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

BANG-UP BOXING ALL THROUGH.

Owing to an unfortunate oversight of the venerable Uncle William, of Bushwick Avenue, in engaging the Broadway Opera House for Tuesday, 26th inst., the night of the fixture for the Collyer-Kelly Mill, when many of the boys were out of town, the hall was only about two-thirds full on the occasion of his benefit. We regret that such was the case, for the old gentleman deserved a large turn out, which he would have had under any other circumstances, although as very few passed in without planking the soap for their pasteboard 'tis probable that in the long run he netted quite as much as others who have made a bigger show. He will take warning by this and look further ahead when next his many friends prevail upon him to take an exhibition. We missed nearly all the old stand-bys, the jovial spirits, who by their presence lend enchantment to the scene and by their mirth provoking remarks never fail to keep the audience in the very best of humor, and things didn't look natural without 'em, nohow. Gillen, the Scribe, but not a Pharisee, was there, however, as likewise Thomas the Boatman, the beauty of whose classic features [illegible] by one of Mealio's latest stunners. [illegible] to ferret out the boxers for Uncle Bill, and, barring Tovee himself, there isn't a lad far or near that we know of who can lay over him at that business, for if he doesn't get the boys together one way he will another, certain.

He got to work shortly after eight o'clock, starting the music after the customary manner with a brace of kids, who put up their hands as an equivalent for being allowed to look in, and by their performance with the gloves showed that, although small in stature, their education had not been neglected in this respect at least. They were followed by two more of the same sort, only a trifle bigger, who kept up the shake to a lively tune, making no effort to avoid, but doing all they could to get on each other, which they did until their faces were as red as boiled lobsters, and only desisted when they couldn't keep going any longer. The ice had now been fairly broken and Tom paired off a couple of maturer years, whose names we failed to catch, more's the pity, as they treated the spectators to some very pretty sparring, and were'nt at all chary of administering right and left handed favors, knocking each other about the stage like shuttlecocks. They were pretty evenly matched, one having the advantage in height and length of reach, which the other counteracted by superior science. Altogether it was a good bustling bout, and the boys showed they thought so in the customary manner, as they absquatulated.

Ed Tuohey and his boon companion, Luke Gleason, led off the list of regulars, entering with spirit into just such a set-to as the boys were looking for, there being no end of hard knocks and thumps. They (the knocks, not the pards), were slices of a Thanksgiving turkey. It appeared to be just as entertaining to themselves as the lookers on, for they were laughing from the moment they mounted the stage until they got down again, amid a storm of applause.

Johnny Grady and Johnny Carman, firm friends who have put on the gloves together oft before, and are always welcome as the flowers in May, followed with three or four rounds as good as anybody would wish to look at, in which Jack was as good as his master, and each gave and received any number of punches in the Irish snoot without flinching, the applause being loud and prolonged as they pulled off the mittens, shook hands, and hied away to the dressing room.

Johnny Dwyer, of Brooklyn, who is increasing in bulk and avoirdupois every day, and is becoming "pussy" enough to run for alderman, came next, with a strapping young fellow from St. Louis as an opponent. The Mound City boy was bent at first on forcing matters, but found out that he got into the wrong box after he had made half a dozen passes at the stalwart Brooklynite, which Johnny easily turned aside or was out of the way of entirely. Had Johnny felt more disposed to skip about, the meeting would have been a stirring affair from the word go, but he evidently don't like to exert himself any more than is actually necessary; as it was, however, there was some hot work, and each was pretty well warmed up when they got through. It's a long time since the heavy-weight from across the "drink" showed off to so much advantage, and *he* does know how to do it when an opportunity presents itself. Pity he didn't have Con forninst him.

Murphy and Malley, the former tall and lank, and the latter of medium height, and wearing a very peculiar expression, were next to make their obeisance. They were comparatively unknown to fame, although it aint the first time they've put up their dukes by any manner of means, as they convinced the boys by the way they manœuvred and slogged each other, the advantage possessed by the tall 'un giving him a trifle the best of it. The latter gained much applause for a splendid back-handed hit, which he has a very peculiar knack of administering. Red hot.

That stunted looking boxer, Young Glasgow—although he's rather old for a "young 'un"—now came to the front, stripped to the buff, with McCloskey, now dubbed "Ed. Tuohey's Novice," to face him. The attitude assumed by the novice, and the comical manner he has of elevating the left shoulder, as though he was aiming at his opponent ere he makes the lunge, set everybody in a roar, and the boys guyed him fearfully, which, however, he didn't seem to dream of. It was thought that his set-to the week prior with the wily Dooney would have put a quietus upon him, but far from it; he was just as anxious to commence operations as ever, and as soon as they had taken up their position, made a rush for the shirtless cove, who warded off his vicious blow and spanked him hotly on the facial region, when they pummeled each other severely for a few seconds, and Glasgow finished the round by causing Mac to assume the horizontal rather more suddenly than comfortable. In the second round the Novice, after awkward and repeated attempts to get on the slippery Scotchman, clinched, and was tossed over Glasgow's head. In the last round, after a rattling set-to, McCloskey was upset in a manner which would "have lost" the battle for his antagonist had they been struggling in the squared circle. In this fall the Novice had the misfortune to sprain his wrist. The bout created much merriment, but Mac would do well not to appear in such company again until he knows how to use his hands, which he hasn't the remotest idea of at present. Hollywood should take him in charge.

From the commotion among the boys now it was evident that the next duo were something out of the general run, and so it proved to be, Harry Hicken and Pete McGinniss making their advent. As was anticipated from the style of the first meeting of these hummers, it was an A 1 box from the call, but the lad from Londontown didn't make so good a score as at Morris's show, Pete being fly to his manœuvres, and hitting and stopping with him all the time, albeit Harry managed to plant the cleanest hits. They slogged away merrily for the space of twenty minutes, breathing spells included, each endeavoring by all fair means to get the upper hand of the other; but the honors were easy when they shook hands at the close, and the crowd evinced their appreciation by bestowing round upon round of the heartiest kind of applause. Now that these coves are so thoroughly posted up in each other's tactics, their appearance will be looked upon with more than ordinary interest. After the lapse of considerably more than the usual allowance of time the wind-up was announced between

Old Bill Tovee, who was decked off in his favorite fighting rig—the same we believe in which he waxed Jack May one misty morn a long time ago, barring the article which "comes next to a man," according to Nelse Seymour, and his staunch friend and crony the old-fashioned little Jack Adams. This wasn't exactly what they were expecting, as it was announced that Jim Sandford would put up with Uncle Bill for the wind-up, and they demanded an explanation, which the old gentleman wasn't loth to give. He stated that the "Phenomenon" had promised to appear for him, and had been in the hall that evening, but complained of being too unwell to set-to, and Adams had volunteered to take his place. He had heard a great deal of Sandford, but had never seen him spar in his defence and he wanted just one turn, whether he got bested or not. This brought cheers for the speaker and his "pocket companion," and elicited expressions of dissatisfaction in regard to Old Jim, everybody seeming to think it treating Tovee rather shabbily. Had he merely shown himself on the stage the boys would have readily excused him if he wished it, and that's where he missed it. Tovee then returned thanks for patronage bestowed, although it wasn't as extensive as he had anticipated, and he and Jack threw themselves into posish. They tapped each other lightly for a couple of rounds, showing that all the fire hadn't been taken out of them yet, nor had they forgotten what they learned in their youthful days. Old Tovee was as spry as a kitten, and it was really astonishing how he got around when 'tis considered the many years which have rolled over his iron-gray head. Jack, who has seen much sickness, although he ain't near so old, was stiffer than his opponent, but he succeeded in getting home some pretty licks as he waited for Uncle William to come to him. The set-to was brought to an unfortunate close by Tovee planting his right under Jack's ear a trifle harder than he should, toppling the latter over, and he fell with his arm underneath, hurting his shoulder very badly, although nothing serious resulted. Thus ended the exhibition, which was one of the best we've attended in a long time.

TESTIMONIAL BENEFIT TO JAMES SANDFORD.

In consequence of the cold, disagreeable rain storm which capped the climax of the foggy, moist and most outrageous spell of weather with which we sojourners on the Isle Manhattan had been afflicted during the week ending November 29th, the congress of sports assembled at the Broadway Opera House on that night to do honor to the veteran pugilist, Jim Sandford, only a trifle more than half-filled this rather contracted rendezvous of the boxing division. Very few new faces were to be seen, although the majority of those who make it a rule to show up at all such entertainments if at all practicable, rain or shine, as well as a sprinkling of the old friends of the *beneficiaire*, who have'nt attended a boxing show for many a long day, were on hand with their pasteboard. Had the fates not conspired against it, the attendance would undoubtedly have been much larger, as all who take any interest whatever in such matters wanted to see the style of the Phenomenon, who in his prime ranked among the best, defeating such men as Ned Hammond, George Kensett, and other good 'uns.

About half-past eight o'clock the ball was set in motion by Uncle William, who, of course, had the supervision of affairs, introducing a pair of kids, who, although young in years, were by no means tyros in the use of the mittens, and by the manner in which they rattled away gave one the impression that they had been accustomed to hard knocks from infancy. The namesake of Prof. Risley, however, proved more than a match for his more active but less skilful and muscular opponent, and only doffed the gloves upon compulsion.

Omealia, who has often figured on the mimic stage, and is a very promising young sparrer, next put on the pudding bags with George Cheer, a recent importation from Merrie England, who, according to his own account, possesses a first rate record. As this was the first appearance of the stranger in public, the boys watched him critically, and he created a very favorable impression, although his opponent was no match for him, either in skill, muscle or weight. His tactics are very peculiar, and he perplexed Omealia by the manner in which he got out of danger and returned again to the charge, although, all things considered, the latter made out very well indeed. Cheer is a solid, well built young fellow, of good muscular development, strong on his pins, and, though not an artistic boxer, uses both hands equally well, strikes with a vim, and in appearance, at least, is certainly the good bit of stuff we would infer from his record.

Johnny Grady and young Bagley followed, and favored the auditors with a display the counterpart of that they gave at Morris' exhibition, hot and heavy being the word from the call, and six for one to half a dozen for the other the verdict, as they left off, amid the plaudits of the well pleased auditory. Johnny appeared rather short-winded, from the frequency of his guttural exclamations, a circumstance he ascribed to the machinations of an Oriental Jacobs, who looms on the now fashionable west side avenue, and whose spirits are always light and gay.

Mickey Coburn and Harry Hicken were next to face the music, which everybody knew wouldn't be the "Dead march from Saul," and they had the best of reasons for saying so, as the sequel proved. Although never having boxed together before, each was aware of the other's ability, and for the space of several minutes they eyed each other warily, advancing and retreating, feinting and sparring cautiously, neither willing to lead until he saw a sure opening, which Mike finally did, and took advantage of it on the instant, rapping Harry a neat one on the dial and cleverly avoiding the return which the latter offered. Another bit of sparring terminated in a counter on the physiog, which brought them to close quarters, when each used both hands effectively. The second bout was much like unto the first, Mickey having a trifle the best of it, but in the wind up, both being thoroughly warmed, they went in for more slogging and less long range sparring, Hicken getting in three pretty facers in succession without a return, and getting back for the prior rounds. It was decidedly the best set-to in every respect during the evening, and both retired covered with glory. May they come again.

Dooney Harris now pulled on the gloves for a round or two with Billy Edwards, whose name is mentioned in connection with the next match for the Light Weight Championship, and it was confidently expected that he would issue a challenge to Collyer from the stage, but he didn't. Like all the boxing matches in which the white-headed, hard-hitting youth takes part, this was a bustler from the very beginning, but of course,

with all the odds except strength against him, Billy didn't stand much show with Dooney, although he did better than was expected, and succeeded in visiting William's frontispiece several times, partly on sufferance.

As there was a general desire to see the Britisher pitted against some one more his equal than Omealis, Cheer again made his salaam in company with Mike Coburn. George endeavored, as in his previous bout, to force matters, but that game was quickly stopped, for he found he had a tougher piece of material than before to deal with, and he got rather more than he bargained for in the rally which ensued, but in the struggle for the fall he was uppermost. The second bout was a companion picture to the first, except that in the wrestle Mike turned the tables upon the 165 pounder, giving him a clean fall. But although the first two rounds were warm enough they were not a marker to the last, which just took the rag off the bush, each pounding away with might and main, as though bent on boring holes through each other, the up-town hummer having the best of the go, which wasn't surprising, as he's much the bigger man.

The *beneficiaire* now mounted the platform with Dooney Harris, which was too much of a disparity in age to suit the boys, and repeated calls were made for Tovee to take Harris' place. This brought a speech from the old man eloquent, wherein he stated that his name wasn't on the bill at all, and that he never went back on anything that he promised to do, which was a hit at Master Jeemes for failing to come forward at Uncle William's exhibition, over which he felt very sore. Dooney doffed the barricades and offered them to Tovee, but Sandford wouldn't allow him to take 'em, and as there appeared no alternative the word was given and the sport began. Sandford's attitude and style is of the old school, and reminded one of the pictures we see of Mendoza and others of his day. This was all that was to be seen, as the set-to didn't amount to a row of pins, lapse of time having deprived Sandford of the agility, strength and much of the science he possessed in days agone, and Dooney having, of course, too much respect for the old man to do aught but turn aside his blows, to his credit be it said. Everybody, including Uncle William himself, who stood by looking very glum, was sorry that Tovee wasn't in Dooney's shoes, which would have been more like the thing, and a feather in the cap of the veteran master. The customary acknowledgement terminated the exhibition, which, although not a thorough success, pecuniarily, satisfied all who went to see it.

WITHDRAWN HIS MONEY.—Tom Allen has withdrawn the $100 originally deposited in our hands for a match with Bill Ryall, and which he afterward informed us he would leave as an earnest of his desire to meet his quondam opponent, Joe Goss, upon his expected arrival from England. Allen's little snap in Baltimore hasn't been of much profit, pecuniarily or otherwise, as his pupils professed to be minus the filthy when he applied therefor, and Thomas was just so much out of pocket. His former friends there seem to have shook him, too, for he was to have left for Cleveland, O., on the 5th inst. If he don't adopt a different course of conduct he won't fare any better there. All challenges to him will be useless.

OFF FOR CINCINNATI.—Johnny Keating, the Brooklyn featherweight, who fought a draw with Dick Hollywood, purposes removing his base of supplies to Cincinnati, where the land floweth with sausage meat and spare ribs, during the present week. If Johnny likes the change, he may remain there for some months; if not, the boys will meet him at the old stamping ground ere long again.

SPORTS ABROAD.

BATTLE FOR A TENNER A SIDE.

On the 20th ult., Frank Powers and Charley Dixon met to pummell each other for £20, in the Manchester District, Eng. Although the stake was small, considerable interest was excited, and the friends of the combatants were unusually sanguine of success. Frank Powers was born at Birmingham, on May 22d, 1846; stands 5ft. 5in. high, and on the present occasion weighed about 9st. He was a perfect novice, but showing himself rather clever with the mittens, he found friends at Jack Parton's, Manchester, to support him for this match, and was trained by Jack himself. Charley Dixon is 5ft. 6½in. in height, is 25 years of age, and scaled about 9st. 3lb. He beat Jack Poole, of Salford, at catch-weight, for £5 a side, in December, 1860, at Chat Moss, 2 hours 45 min.; beat Poole again, on the same terms, and on the same spot, on New Year's Day, 1863, in two hours 30 minutes; fought Jack Rafter, of Salford, at catch-weight, for £5 a side, February 1, 1865, at Hazle Head Bridge, eight rounds, 50 min, when the authorities interfered, but, Rafter being subsequently apprehended, Dixon got the stakes. He took his constitutionals from W. Brown's, Salford, under the eye of the host. The "meet" was at Fiddler's Ferry, on the Mersey, and the passage of the river having been safely made, the cords of discord were soon put ship-shape, by Jocks and his satellites, on a beautiful piece of turf. Powers was the first to advance to the ring-side, when he received an ovation, and a similar compliment was paid to the Salford man, who followed promptly. We omit the names of the seconds for obvious reasons. Dixon won the toss, and placed his opponent with the sun in his face. An ex-Champion having consented to act as referee, at twenty minutes past ten the men put up their digits for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Betting limited at evens. Powers was in splendid condition and looked brimful of confidence, whilst his opponent, in our opinion, looked anything but fit, and had a stale appearance. The ball was opened by the Brum, who reached the left optic and proboscis, which brought the men to close quarters, when Dixon slipped down.

2. Dixon received on the nose, which decided first blood for Powers. The latter, getting near, visited the stomach heavily, and jumped away from the return. After a little sparring, Charley returned the compliment on the same spot, when Powers rushed at his man and landed a hot 'un on the nose as he fell.

3. Tedious sparring in Dixon's corner, when Powers ultimately let fly with the left at the physog, and Dixon fell backwards.

4. Slight counters on the frontispiece, doing no perceptible damage. On getting together Powers threw his man easily, and walked to his own corner.

5. On facing each other, Powers landed a heavy right-hander on the temple, and Charley sought the protection of mother earth.

6. Power's right hand was much puffed. After a little dodging, he tried his left, but it went over Charley's left shoulder, when a severe struggle ensued for the fall, both coming to grass side by side.

7. Dixon seemed very weak, and was loth to leave his corner, when Powers rushed at him, and a wild bout of fighting ensued all over the ring, till Dixon got down through weakness.

8. Creeping close to his man, Powers made play at the breast, when they got to close quarters, and some half-arm hitting resulted in both being down, Dixon under.

9. Both tried simultaneously at the cranium, but were stopped. The struggle for the fall was gained by Powers, who back-heeled his adversary.

10, 11 and 12 were all of a harmless character. In Round 13, Powers got home with the left on the forehead, from the effects of which Dixon came to grass, first knock-down blow being claimed and allowed for Powers. It was quite evident that Dixon was out of all form, and as the contest progressed he became weaker and weaker. Now and then he made a spurt, but it was only momentary, and he invariably got down when Powers approached, which elicited a strong caution from the referee in the fiftieth round. In the seventy-fifth round, Power's party offered a sovereign if Dixon would relinquish the contest, which was accepted, and Powers thus became the winner after the affair had lasted 1 hour 40 min.

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP—GOSS AND WORMALD.—After a war of words and the publication of propositions and counter-propositions from Mace, Wormald, O'Baldwin, Goss and Hurst, there was at last accounts a prospect of a match between Joe Goss and Joe Wormald for £200 a side and the championship, as Goss had covered £10 staked by t'other Joe, and the articles were to be drawn up in public at the latter's benefit. On the occasion of a testimonial to the Irish Giant, the *beneficiaire* again reiterated his intention to get on a match, if possible, ere his departure for America. He said he had been robbed twice in his matches with Mace and Wormald, and that if any one was willing to meet him in a fortnight he was ready to make the match at once. He wanted to know why so many were badgering him since he had announced his purpose of proceeding to the United States, and it was well known that he had made preparation to do so. His engagements would not allow of his remaining longer in England, and if they did he didn't think he would be permitted to fight. Joe Wormald was the only one to respond, and as he wanted six weeks to get fit nothing came of it.

THE ENGLISH SULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

HARRY KELLEY VS. JOE SADLER.

In our next issue we expect to be able to lay before our readers the details of the important rowing contest for £300 a side and the Championship of the Thames, between Harry Kelley and Joe Sadler, which was fixed for the 27th ult., and ever since its inception had been regarded with the most intense interest across the water. Latest advices state that Kelley would row lighter on the present occasion than he has for years, while Sadler would be at his customary weight. It being apparent in the last "rowing week" that both men wanted some slight change after their continued practice, both on land and water, Kelley left London on Nov. 15th, in company with two old friends, and took up his quarters at Brighton, whence he returned on the 20th ult. Sadler on the 16th ult., also sought the retirement of the Sussex Downs, returning on the 19th to the Star and Garter, Putney. It need scarcely be said that the men on their return had lost the appearance created by a long continuance of hard work, and in the vigor of perfect health took to their rowing again with good heart. They had ever since been out daily, and their "going" had been scanned by many an eager eye, and the almost general impression was that the race would be a very close one. The interesting ceremony looked upon for years past as second only to the race itself, viz.: the staking of the final deposit, took place on the 22d ult., at Kelley's house; and it being found impossible, owing to the crowded nature and suffocating heat of the large room, to transact any business there, the immediate backers and friends of the men and the representatives of the press met in a private room, when Mr. Biffen, the boat builder, of Hammersmith, was with one accord appointed referee. An adjournment was then made to the large room, when it was announced that Mr. Biffen had been appointed, a fact which elicited many approving expressions. The final deposit of £100 a side was then tabled, as also the final £10 a side in Addy and Coombs' match. Offers were then made by Kelley's backer to lay 500 to 400, or any part of it, on Kelley, but Sadler's backer stood out for 600 to 400, one enthusiastic individual laying him 12 to 8 once. The week was one of jubilee to the lovers of boating, as two races, in addition to the big match, were to take place. J. Pedgrift and Tom Wise were to row from Putney to Mortlake, for £50 a side, on the 25th ult., and on the 26th, Mark Addy and David Coombs were to try their prowess over the same course and for the same amount.

SCULLERS' RACE IN AUSTRALIA BETWEEN WILLIAM HICKEY AND R. C. W. GREEN FOR £400—THREE MILES IN 21 MIN. 53 SEC.—This important match for £400 and the Championship of Port Jackson, was decided on August 14th. The start was by mutual consent. Green's paddles struck the water first, and his boat was slightly in advance for the first twenty yards; but Hickey's long stroke soon began to tell, and when they reached the Kissing Point Wharf, Hickey had drawn two lengths ahead of Green, crossing his track, and taking the inside position. Passing Kissing Point Hickey was six lengths ahead, and at Round Point he had increased his lead to 200 yards. Passing Breakfast Point Hickey was fully 300 yards in advance of Green. At Gladesville a quarter of a mile separated the boats, which lead Hickey kept to the end of the race, pulling within himself the last mile. The time was the fastest that the distance was ever done on the river—viz., 21 min. 53 sec.—and as Hickey stopped before reaching the flag boat, he could have made the time four or five seconds quicker if he wished. The betting was about 5 to 4 on Hickey, although just before the start, on board the City of Newcastle (Hickey's steamer) as much as 2 to 1 was laid on him.

HICKEY AND GREEN.—These Australian scullists were matched to row again for the championship of Port Jackson, on the 26th of October, Hickey staking £250 to £200.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

J. W., Boston.—Of the entire file of both series *Loewenthal's Magazine* we lack but a single No., but have no duplicates. Will let you know if any one inquires for any of your duplicates. Will write and send you a list of our duplicates soon.

SINK OR SWIM," Tourney No. 5.—An attentive correspondent suggests for your edification and enlightenment the unfolding of the following considerably modified tale:

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..Kt to Kt 8	R × Kt	5..Q to K 6 +	K moves
2..Q-Kt 6 +	K moves	6..Q-K 7 +	K moves
3..Q-Kt 3 +	K moves	7..R-B 8	R × R, and
4..B-Kt 6 +	K moves		gives checkmate.

Does it wag any easier for being three inches shorter? or isn't the amputation performed to your satisfaction?

THEO. M. BROWN.—"G. E. C." requests your consideration of the following. He says: "Did any of your readers ever solve your No. 441 in 9 moves, as stipulated by C. C. Barnes? It can be done in *two* ways in 9. Moreover, *as it stands*, it can be solved by a process entirely different from Brown's, *e. g.*:

1..Kt to R 3 +	Kt covers	7..Kt home +	K to Kt 6
2..Q × Kt +	K-R 3	8..R-Q 4	B-B 5 *best*
3..B-Kt 5 +	K-R 4	9..R-K R 4	B × B
4..B × R +	K-R 3	10..Q-B 3 +	P × Q
5..B-Kt 5 +	K-R 4	11..R-Kt 2 +	P × R, giving
6..B-home +	K-R 5		checkmate.

(Remove the Black Rook and the mate is as above, omitting moves 4 and 5.)

SECONDLY.

1..Kt to B 7 +	Kt covers	6..B to Q Kt sq	P to Kt 6
2..B-Kt 5 +	Kt covers	7..R × Kt +	K × R
3..B-Q 3 +	B × R	8..Q × B +	K-R 6
4..Kt-B 4 +	B × Kt	9..Q-B 4	P is forced to
5..Q-B 5 +	B-Kt 4		give checkmate.

Verstehen sie? Eh?

Enigma No. 602.

Second Prize Problem.—"Schach."

BY HERR J. KOHTZ.

♔ ♕ ♗ ♘ ♙ ♙ ♙ ♙

at Q R sq, K Kt 2, K Kt 4, Q Kt 8, Q 2, K B 2, K 3, K 5th.

♚ ♜ ♝ ♝ ♞ ♞ ♟ ♟

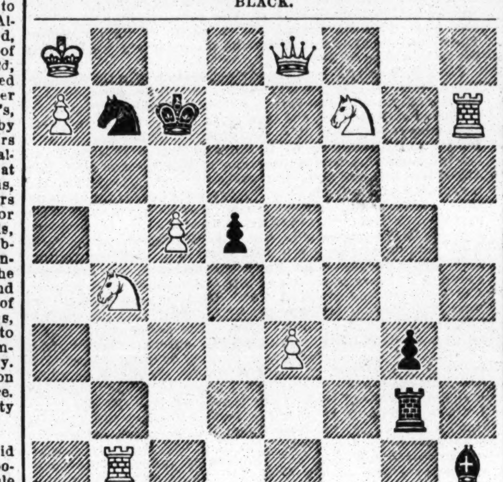
at Q Kt 6, K Kt 2, Q B 2, K Kt sq, K B 2, K Kt 3, Q R 6, Q 3d, and Black Pawns at Q Kt 3, and 4. Q B 5, and K Kt 6th.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Problem No. 602.--Tourney No. 10.

"In haste, truly yours."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White compels suimate in seven moves.

Game No. 602.

A recent specimen of Georgian Chess, our contributor S. Boykin, of Macon, playing vs R. D. Wade.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. Boykin.	Defence, Mr. Wade.	Attack, Mr. Boykin.	Defence, Mr. Wade.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	17..K R to Q sq	B P × B
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	18..Kt × Kt P	Q-her B 3
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	19..Kt-Q 6 + (a)	K-his B sq
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	20..Q-K B 4	P-K B 3
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q B 4	21..Q B-Kt 2 (b)	K Kt-Q 4
6..Castles	P-Q 3	22..Q-K Kt 3	B-Q B 2
7..P-Q 4	K P × P	23..B-Q R 3	Q R-Q sq
8..B P × P	K B-Kt 3	24..Kt-B 5 *dis* +	K-his B 2
9..Q Kt-B 3	P-K R 3	25..Q × Kt P +	K-his 3
10..P-K 5	Q P × P	26..Kt-Q 4 +	K-his 4
11..P-Q 5	Q Kt-R 4	27..Q Kt × Q +	Q Kt × Kt
12..K Kt × P	K Kt-K 2	28..K R-Ksq +	K-Q 5
13..Q-her R 4 +	Q B-Q 2	29..Q-Kt 4 +	Kt-K B 5
14..K Kt × B	Q × K Kt	30..Q-home +	K Kt-Q 6
15..K B-Kt 5	P-Q B 3	31..Q R-B sq	K R-K sq,
16..Q P × P	Kt P × P		Attack mates in three moves.

(*a*) This (ch) is the gist of the whole argument on the part of the Attack.

(*b*) A churchman who deals in "the terrors of the law" with a vim.

Herr Kolisch gives Mr. Thos. Loyd the Q R.—*Era.*

EVANS GAMBIT.

J. Kolisch.	T. Loyd.	J. Kolisch.	T. Loyd.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	9..K B to Kt 3	Q 2d P × P(*d*)
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	10..P-K B 4	P-Q B 7 (*e*)
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	11..Q-K R 5	B-Kt 3 + (*f*)
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	12..K-his R sq	P-K Kt 3 (*g*)
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q R 4	13..B P × Kt	Kt-K B 4 (*h*)
6..P-Q 4	K P × P	14..K B × P +	K-his 2
7..Castles	K Kt-K 2 (*c*)	15..Q Kt-B 3	Kt P × Q
8..K Kt-his 5	Q Kt-K 4	16..K B × Kt	P-Q 3, and

Kolisch announced mate in three moves.

(*c*) "Mead's Defence."

(*d*) Merely losing time.

(*e*) This remarkable and unlooked-for move is the prelude to many delightful variations.

(*f*) Very natural, but very wrong.

(*g*) Could he play better? If he take Q Kt (Q) then, probably:

12..	P × Kt (Q)	15..Kt to Q 6 +	B P × Kt
13..Kt × K B P	P-K Kt 3	16..B-B 7 +!	K-B sq
14..B P × Kt	Kt P × Q (1)	17..Q B mates.	Is not that extremely pretty?

(1) We are no iconoclast, and you are right, Mr. Finnegan—provided the Defence recites all you set down for him. But had we been the "gentleman who managed the red men," we think we should have disturbed the "extreme prettiness" of the supposed combination, by 14..21 Q × K B, and how can the Defence be prevented from developing his forces?

(*h*) To take the Q permits a beautiful mate in three moves.

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 29.---Vol. XV.

Lately contested between "Uncle Ned" and "Permanent Green."

THE BROOKLYN.

Black. U. N.	White. P. G.	Black. U. N.	White. P. G.
1..10 to 14	23 to 19	11.. 8 to 11	15 to 8
2..11 16	19 15	12.. 4 11	31 27
3..16 19	23 17	13.. 6 15	27 18
4..14 18	17 14	14.. 9 14	18 9
5..12 16	24 20	15.. 5 14	22 17
6.. 7 11	27 24	16.. 2 7	17 10
7..18 23	14 10	17.. 7 14	32 27
8..11 18	24 15	18..15 18	26 23 (a)
9..16 19	25 22	19..19 26	30 23
10..18 25	29 22		Black wins.*

Note, by "Uncle Ned."—(a) This move loses the game.

*The termination is given as an end-game this week.

Solution of Position No. 55.--Vol. XV.

BY I. D. J. SWEET.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..11 to 8	3 to 12	3..27 to 23, and wins.	
2..19 16	12 19		

Solution of Position No. 56.--Vol. XV.

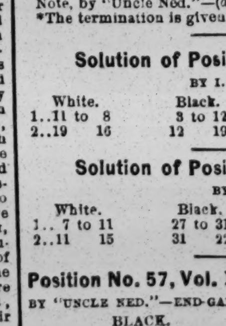
BY T. MUIR.

White.	Black.	Black.	White.
1.. 7 to 11	27 to 31	3..30 to 25	22 to 29
2..11 15	31 22	4..15 22, and wins.	

Position No. 57, Vol. XV.

BY "UNCLE NED."—END-GAME.

BLACK.



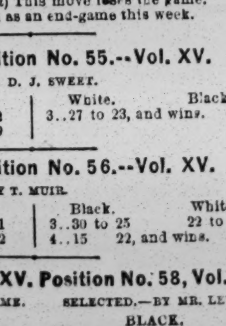
WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Position No. 58, Vol. XV.

SELECTED.—BY MR. LEWIS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

PEDESTRIANISM.

GOOD WALKING FOR AN AMATEUR.—Another example that Westonianism is spreading was given at Jackson, Mich., on the 3d inst., by a Mr. Hibbard, who bet $100 that he would walk 20 miles in five consecutive hours; $100 that he did the first 5½ in one hour, and $100 that he did the first ten miles in two hours. He commenced his feat with his feet at 11 A. M., and made his 5½ miles in 54 min. 53 sec., thus winning the first part of his bet by 5min. and 7 sec; ten miles in 1 hour 54 min. 36 sec., winning the second part of his bet by 5 min. 24 sec., and the whole twenty miles were paced in 3 hours 58 min. 36 sec.—making him winner on each stipulation. He closed the walk amid hearty bursts of applause from the spectators. He was not much exhausted, though naturally somewhat leg-weary. Owing to the severe weather the crowd was not near as large as it would have been otherwise. The pedestrian appeared on the streets within an hour after the close of his little trip, all right. We append a summary of the time made:—

Miles.	*Min.*	*Sec.*	*Miles.*	*Min.*	*Sec.*
1	9	49	5½	5	4
2	9	48	17	13	—
3	9	56	18	14	8
4	10	4	19	14	12
5	10	19	20	10	16

Total time—3 hours, 58 min. 36 sec.

THE 100 MILE FEAT ACCOMPLISHED.—In a late issue we alluded to the fact that Mark Grayson, a young knight of the sock and buskin, had made a wager that he could walk one hundred miles in twenty-four hours, on the track at Leavenworth, Kansas. He started on the journey at 4:30 o'clock, P. M., attired in tight fitting pants, light shoes and a linen cap, a large crowd gathering to see him foot it. He accomplished the task, without being much fatigued, in just twenty-three hours and six minutes, 'tis said. He made the first mile in 11½ minutes, the third, fourth, fifth and sixth, in 28 minutes each, and the last in 13½ minutes. Mark was heartily cheered as he came in on the home walk, and in response he lifted his cap and remarked that he wished them to know that he had accomplished the feat honestly, which F. A. Tannehill, who held the repeater, said he had done. The track was not in the best condition, having been rendered soft in places by the rain. The hero was to have had a benefit at the Olympic Varieties the following night, and he was entitled to a bumper.

DEERFOOT SELLS OUT TO GRIFFIN.—A "bilk" of the first water took place at the Riverside Park, Boston, Mass., on the afternoon of the 3d inst., when James Griffin and Deerfoot were matched to run five miles for $1,000. Expecting to see a good race, a large crowd paid for their pasteboard and passed the gates. Deerfoot took the lead at the start and immediately opened a long gap, several times coming to a dead halt, and looking around to see how far Griffin was behind, and allow him to close up a trifle. By thus slacking up and stopping altogether he managed to obtain second place, which he kept by easy jogging, allowing Griffin to pass the line a short distance ahead. The sell out was palpable to all and the judges declared all bets off.

NOT SO.—W. R. Pitman, of Bangor, Me., refutes the statement that he was matched to test his pedal qualifications with one Reed, a "moke," and wishes the parties who originated the same to understand that he is ready and willing to run any man in the State of Maine, next season, a one mile race for from $25 to $200 a side.

HORSES VS. INDIANS.—There was a large gathering at Riverside Park, Boston, Mass., on the afternoon of the 26th ult., to witness a race for $1,000, between the Indians Deerfoot and Steeprock and the horses Empress, McClellan and Regulation, the redskins to run three miles and one-eighth before the equines trotted six. The Indians won, performing their task in fifteen minutes and sixteen seconds, while the horses were sixteen minutes and nineteen and a half seconds.

HARVARD STUDENTS WITH WESTON ON THE BRAIN.—The locomotive contagion has spread so rapidly that at length the Harvard students are infected, as a few days since four of them left the "Hub" on a pedestrian excursion to Gotham. One gave out the first day, at the fifty-fourth mile; two others were stalled by mud on the fourth day; but the fourth, Mr. Blaikie, reached this city on the morning of the fourth day, having made two hundred and fifteen miles in four days and thirteen hours.

COMING TO AMERICA.—The London journals make mention of the intended departure of Tom Quinn, of Glasgow, Scotland, for the land of the free. Tom's long and honorable connection with sporting circles in Auld Scotia is well known, having proved himself the best Northern trainer and second, whether for pedestrian matches or at the ring side, and he will be warmly welcomed by his friends now sojourning in this country.

"OUR GRAND MASQUERADE" is to be held at Lincoln Hall, Houston and Allen streets, on Wednesday evening, Dec 18. Committee—C. W. Kemble, G. W. Kirk, C. W. Brooks, and M. L. Sharkey.

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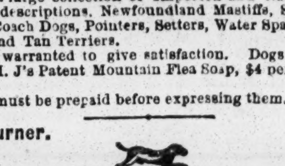
Harry  **Jennings,**
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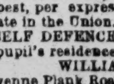
Sam Turner.



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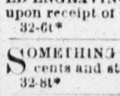

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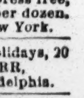

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Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue

City Summary.

MONDAY, December 9, 1867.

Private.—As gratuitous advice, at this cold and inclement season of the year, let us entreat you to keep your feet warm, your head cool, your bowels (of compassion and otherwise) open, love your Creator, hate the Evil One, and you will live until your—time has come to die. And above all, let those who are able, contribute to alleviate the distresses of the poor; seek them out in their helplessness and obscurity—if you have nothing else to give, leave with them a loaf of bread, a scuttle of coal, or any little thing that may add to their comfort, and prevent them from starving or freezing to death, so "that the blessing of *my* father, of *your* father, and of 'Our Father who art in heaven,' may rest and abide with you now and forever."......The week just closed has been prolific of events of all sorts and descriptions. The wheel of time—which, by the way, is the only lasting instance of perpetual motion we have ever heard of—revolves as of yore, notwithstanding Fernando Wood was defeated in the election for Mayor. And that reminds us that the people of this big town look for a mild winter, inasmuch as they refused the Wood which was proffered them. Do *you* think much of that? Here is one that is much better, and didn't cost us a night's rest to make it: Why is Fernando Wood a deceased person! Because he fell in the pools at Lafayette Hall, and was swamped. It is a curious thing, in this connection, that the successful mayor in the late race was the one driven by an 'offman! You see it is very easy for us to amuse and interest you. We know whereof we speak, and we speak what we know. Now we'll tell in verse of many things we know, of which, perhaps, *you* are ignorant:—

WHAT WE KNOW.

We know that Love is very sweet;
Yet we know girls who got
Their *beaux* to think the *marriage tie*
A vexing *double knot*.
We know that those who are hard up
Are frightened at a *tap*,
For *double knocks* are bad for those
Who've *not a single rap*.
We know that ships, though made of wood,
Feel bliss without alloy
When they are, like a pretty *maid*,
Attached unto a *b(u) oy!*
We know that if tobacco's used,
One need not fear the blues,
Because we're told that each man may
Be happy if he chews!
We know that poets are like gas,
Per'aps a trifle sweeter,
The reason is that they both are
Confined unto their metre!
We know if one is bankrupt twice,
He wont, with all his wailings,
Find many who will pity show
Unto his little failings!
We know that soldiers spendthrifts are
In each and every *corps*,
Because they *run through everything*
Whenever there's a war.
We know a drum's like barreled beer,
(To notice we are apt)
For both are very useless things
Unless they're quickly tapped!

We know a great many *other* things, but we have no desire to inflict *too* much of a dose upon you at a single sitting...... There are some things we *don't* know, and can't understand. For instance: 'tother day, while wondering whether we should be able to buy a Christmas turkey or not, a man of genteel address walked into our sanctum with the air of one who moves in wealthy circles, and is rich in the possession of worldly goods. As he approached the royal presence he extended his good right hand, at the same time exclaiming:—

"How are you, Francis? [We don't know *why* rich people call us Francis.] Don't remember me, eh?"

We acknowledged our inability to "place" the gentleman.

He resumed—"About six years ago you were kind enough to credit me with a bill for advertising. I was then in the show business."

[Here then, thought we, is our guardian angel. The Christmas turkey loomed up in gigantic proportions, with nice potato stuffing in one end, and bread dressing in the other; with skinned cranberries as a sauce, and boiled onions, and canned tomats, and peas, and celery, and, in fact everything the market affords.]

"We really cannot recollect the circumstance," we rejoined, "neither is your face at all familiar."

"Ah! well, that matters not. *I* know *you*, and I know that I owe you for services rendered at a time when I needed a little assistance. I failed in my theatrical enterprises of other days; what little I *then* had was seized by hungry creditors, and I was left penniless. I have since been to California, and to the gold fields of Australia."

[Here it became a question with us whether it shouldn't be *two* turkeys instead of *one*, and whether we shouldn't invite a house full of people, and dine them, and wine them, and have a luscious time generally. We also gave a thought to the question whether our "apartments," on the "fourth floor back," wouldn't be too *small* for our company; and we began to wonder whether it wouldn't be more complimentary to our guests to have the Christmas dinner at Delmonico's, where the aid of a *chef d'cuisine*, and a *corps* of servants would enable us to do honor to the occasion and to "the day we celebrate." The big *turkey*, however, was now a fixed fact, that's certain.]

"And," continued our welcome visitor, "I have not traveled in vain, neither have I forgotten 'the good old friends of my youth,' nor those little indebtednesses which every *honest* man feels happy in cancelling when opportunity offers. My name is *George Lemoyne!*"

"Lemoyne, Lemoyne! *Why, George*, is it you? Right well do we remember your smiling countenance now; but how you have changed!"

"Yes, the rude hand of time has left its mark upon me. But that little bill. Will you please run over your books? 'Twas in December, '61. Let me have the account at once."

[Turkey and fixins all right *now*. Wonder who we'll invite, *any how*. It won't do to go back on "Our Jim." Charles Dickens *ought* to be invited, for *all* New Yorkers owe *him* a debt of gratitude. Then there's Mrs. Michenor, who boarded us during the war for the pleasure of our company (her daughter never married after we left). Then there's old Mr. and Mrs. Magoffin, who always invite us to spend a week with them in the country during the summer; 'twont do to leave the *Magoffins* out. Then there's "little Bessy;" maybe *you* don't know "little Bessy?" Well, well, *we* know her, and that's enough—*she* shall be there, *sure*. And then there's old daddy Wells, good old daddy Wells, the sexton of our church, whose salary is so meagre as to put all idea of Christmas dinner entirely out of his head; but he shall come to *our* Christmas dinner, and he shall enjoy *our* turkey, and *our* mince pie, and the poor old man's heart shall be made glad all on a Christmas day. And so we run over the list of invited guests as we run over our list of back debts, until finally we come to

NEW YORK, *December*, 1861.

GEORGE LEMOYNE, DR.............. TO NEW YORK CLIPPER,
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"Sixth Annual Tour of the Lemoyne Dramatic Company, whose performances before the Queen of England, Emperor of the French, and in all the great cities of Europe and America, have stamped them as the glory of the age, and who have received the unbiased commendation of both press and public, as well as testimonials from the [illegible] Aldermen of New York, endorsing them as histrions [illegible] eneral patronage; whose engagements abroad, long since [illegible], will prevent them from renewing their engagements in [illegible] tis," etc., etc."

[illegible]ths..$25 00

[illegible]n, with a benignant smile and a low obeisance, we [illegible]e bill to our returned debtor, who, giving it a glance

"Is *that* all? Why I thought it was at least a *hundred* dollars! Only twenty-five dollars! Well, now that I know what the amount is *I will drop around some day and settle it!* Good day."

It gave us such a turn that we have not overgotten it yet. As Mrs. Brown would say. At one fell swoop all our glorious visions of a Christmas dinner vanished; our turkey went out as George Lemoyne went out, and our invited guests will have to seek their holiday dinner elsewhere than at Delmonico's. George Lemoyne is a bad lot......What *would* New York be without its theatres? From the days of the old Greek tragedies on mythological Golden Fleeces and invulnerable heroes of many battles down to the present day of dramas of telegraph offices and railroad trains, the stage has been a matter of absorbing interest; yes, the theatre is ever fresh in our mind, with its unfortunate hero so gallant and bold, in love with its still more unfortunate heroine so handsome and cold; its unflinching villain, with his hal bal ts funny man and its testy old one. Though as antediluvian as the Golden Fleece, they are all the better for being old acquaintances, and as these familiar old faces open new enjoyments and pleasures, we cast our optic upon them with delight every time. The "play house" is a great institution, with its trappings and paraphernalia, its pretty *ballet* girls with their pretty and in many instances improbable legs and shapes, and "symmetrical goods;" and now that the merry Christmas times are coming, and as Christmas will not be a finished Christmas without its holiday plays, we feel compelled to resort to our poetic machine and grind out *something*, although it is sadly out of repair, owing to "Our Jim" having pried it open to see where all the poetry came from and what it was made of. Hear it talk:—

ODE TO THE THEATRE.

Dear house of best instruction and of pleasure—
For such we hold thou art in highest measure—
We pray that thou may'st live for years to come,
For thou art grand, yea, thou art really "some;"
Live on, thou holder of the mirror up to nature—
Long be the time, if e'er, at which to date your
Declination. Ne'er do thou "git up and git:"
Be "hunky doree" and "all right you bet;"
And do thou, as erst thou hast, we beg,
Let nature's mirror still reflect a leg;
And do, if true to nature you would be,
In state of nature show each coryphee,
With bosom white, and limbs, so trim, display,
Unto the gaze of men, *etcetera*.

This is all we can grind out in this issue, the machine being, as we have already said, slightly indisposed.

TALKING ABOUT "INDISPOSED" things, Bateman's strong card, Tostee, has become so *habitually* indisposed as to necessitate the engagement of four or five other Dutch-esses to take her place, which none of them can do. Bateman has about reached the climax of his French spec. What he made on his opera has been endangered a good deal in his drama; added to this the continued disappointment to which the patrons of "Gerolstein" have been subjected, and you will see that papa Bateman hasn't much time to waste on financial matters, or bills contracted. He *may* be happy yet.

CHARLES DICKENS arrived here on Saturday evening, Dec. 7th. His first reading in this city is fixed for to-night. Owing to some "little arrangement"—whether behind the scenes or not, we cannot tell—the public were left in the dark to a great extent regarding the sale of tickets, while speculators, who must have been given the cue "by one who knows," were on time with their satellites, and the bulk of the tickets were gobbled up by them, to be sold to the public afterwards at an extraordinary advance on first cost. But Charles, it seems, cannot help *that*. His agent *can*, however.

J. W. LINGARD, late manager of the late New Bowery Theatre, played a week's engagement at the Old Bowery, commencing on the 2d, and terminating on the 7th. He was well received by his many friends in that locality.

"MAUD'S PERIL" has not met with "unqualified success" at Wallack's Theatre, notwithstanding its blood and thunder characteristics. It gives place this week to some more of the *old* comedies, the new offerings this season having thus far proved anything but remunerative. The "model theatre of America" is, evidently, on the down grade.

DICK SANDS, who has just returned from an extended tour with his minstrel troupe, will commence an engagement at the Bowery Theatre to-night, Dec. 9. Dick shakes a lively leg, and, as a jiggist, is "excelled by none and equalled by few."

BARNUM'S MUSEUM is doing a Gorilla business. If you wish to see the frail sisterhood in georgeous array, drop in at the Museum on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. In the lecture-room moral and other dramas are still given for "the entertainment of families and children." The audiences that assemble here are about as great curiosities as the monkeys, happy family, and other novelties in the show department.

THE FLORENCES will close their engagement at the Broadway Theatre on the 14th inst. They have given us nothing new, and without fresh attractions now-a-days Irish comedians do not meet with the same favor they once did. John Brougham, even, the best of the lot, has given the go-by to the old stereotyped style of Irish business, and turned his attention in another line with marked success, *vide* his engagement at the Walnut, Philadelphia. The Florences, and all other so-called Irish comedians, will have to drop the shillelagh and dilapidated hat business, and give the people a more correct idea of Irish characteristics.

MARETZEK has left the city in disgust. The Academy of Music, under his *regime*, failed to fill his pockets, even at reduced prices of admission. The 'Devil's Auction" is going on in the Academy now. To what base uses, etc.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS, one of the best actresses at present on the American stage, is to open an engagement at the Broadway Theatre on the 16th inst. Let the lady have proper support on the stage, as well as in the auditorium.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS offered their patrons an entire change of programme last week. They revived the descriptive song of "Man the Life Boat," which was given several weeks ago with great success. It has been gotten up with care, and the incidents represented are a ship at sea, the storm, the shipwreck, the life boat and the rescue, all of which are so effective that the scene is loudly *encored* each evening. Messrs. Hughes and Hogan commenced an engagement at this house on the 2d inst., in a song and dance, but failed to make any lasting impression, their style of performance being old and not pleasing. They are said to do better in a double clog dance. Leon appeared in rather an amusing act called "Mrs. Baalam," in which he appears as Lucy Stone, and leading a huge prop mule with two boys inside, who, by their antics, create considerable amusement. Leon mounts a stool and gives a dissertation on the times, which creates considerable laughter. Harry Stanwood continues to please the patrons with his banjo solos. Sam Price holds his own on the tambo end, and Nelse Seymour with the bones. Both of these performers work well together and keep the audience in the best of humor by their sallies of wit.

"THE DEVIL'S AUCTION"—or, as it is now called since being reconstructed, "The Golden Branch"—changed its base of operations last week from Banvard's Museum to the Academy of Music, where it was given for the first time on the 3d inst., with a slight change in the cast—Hattie Thorne playing Constance, and Annie Wood the Fairy. Portions of the old scenery at Banvard's were used, the balance being the scenery of the Academy, some of which was handsomer and more appropriate than that at Banvard's. The Grotto Scene in the first act was a handsome set. Much of the original business has been cut out, as have been some of the characters, the most noticeable being the two young ladies who appeared with horses' tails and heads; also, the cutting off of the huge tail that Jack (Mr. McWade) had as an appendage. All of the *premiere danseuses* were on hand, as were nearly all of the *coryphees*. Several new *ballets* and solo dances were introduced. In the second act, M'lle Blasini introduced for the first time a straight jig, which was executed by her with so much abandon, and was so well done, that she received a call, and gave another, which pleased the audience considerably. M'lle Sohlke brought down the house with the Hungarian dance, which made her so popular with the frequenters of Banvard's. Morlacchi executed a Spanish dance in good style. This lady is one of the most finished *danseuses* we have ever had in this country. Her style is so graceful and her movements executed with so much apparent ease, that she at once becomes a favorite. The Amazonian march, the finale of the second act, was very well done. In the first act, a romantic *ballet* was given, with Morlacchi as the principal dancer, in which she executed some difficult movements. The fountain of colored waters closed the entertainment. The spectacle went off much better than at Banvard's, as the stage admitted of more display as well as room for the dancing. The house was densely crowded the first night, and business was fair during the week.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" was revived at the New York Theatre on the 4th inst., with a number of changes in the cast. Sophie, Jennie and Irene Worrell appear respectively as Pearl, Laura and Peachblossom, formerly played by Rose Eytinge, Blanche Gray and Mrs. Skerrett, afterwards by Fanny Young; G. H. Clarke as Ray, formerly played by A. H. Davenport; Welsh Edwards as Byke, formerly played by John Studley; and T. L. Donnelly as the Counsellor, previously played by James Dunn. John K. Mortimer appeared in his original *role* of Snorkey. The cast, with but two exceptions, is not equal to that of its former production. Mr. Clarke invested his character with more earnestness and was throughout more satisfactory. Jenny Worrell had a character just suited to her peculiar style, and rattled it off with a freedom that pleased the audience and was at the same time in perfect keeping with the requirements of the character. Irene Worrell looked the part of Laura, and dressed it with taste. She did not invest the *role* with sufficient life to make it as enjoyable as it should have been. Sophie looked charming enough for any young man to fall head over heels in love with, but played the character in too rattling a style. Sophie wants toning down considerably to play such a line of business. Welsh Edwards mouths his words so much that it is with the greatest difficulty a word that he utters can be understood. At a distance he puts us in mind of an auctioneer, who has got a company of slow bidders, and is telling them a story not a word of which does he intend them to understand. In the hands of Mr. Studley this character was one of the features of the evening. John Mortimer and C. F. Parsloe met with a hearty reception, and got through with their performance with satisfaction to all. The piece was well placed upon the stage, and attracted a crowded house the first night, which was repeated the balance of the week. "Under the Gaslight" will keep the stage at this theatre for the present.

BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD AND BACKUS—a quartet hard to surpass in the minstrel profession—are a match for hard times and rueful faces. They exemplify that philosophy is happy with a straw, and if any one doubts that they please their audiences, let them visit the hall of minstrelsy over which they reign supreme any evening, and watch the countenances of those present. If one can be found without a smile, then he should be taken care of at once, for to sit through a performance of this band and not smile is high treason. Last week the burlesque base ball match was played, and although the weather is too cold to enjoy this sport out of doors, it can be enjoyed at this establishment with great satisfaction. It is a capital act and takes well. It is very laughable to watch the audience bobbing their heads as the huge India rubber ball is batted to all parts of the house. The ball is so light that it never hurts any one, even if it strikes them full in the face, as is often the case, and this helps to make it a laughable act.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS.—This neatly arranged establishment continues a favorite resort with lovers of amusement, and is nightly crowded in every part by enthusiastic audiences. The infantile horsemanship of Master Ducrow is really astonishing. The tumbling, vaulting, leaping and other similar exercises, equal anything of the kind ever before witnessed in this city. The Denzer Brothers are excellent acrobats, and by their exhibition of strength and activity are repeatedly cheered. Their athletic performances are beautiful developments of the mechanism of the human frame, and display exceeding grace and elegance of person. Pfau, the flying "trapezist," continues to astonish every beholder by his truly artistic and daring performances.

ON the 21st of the present month the spectacle of the "Black Crook" will have reached its four hundred and fiftieth performance at Niblo's Garden, a greater run than ever before enjoyed by any piece in this country. It has been a great success from its first week, but as the American public like a change once in a great while, the attendance has fallen off of late, although not so much so as to warrant its immediate withdrawal; as the management, however, had contracted to dispose of all the scenes, properties, etc., for its production in a neighboring city, and secured other artists as well as a new piece, the days of the "Crook" are numbered in this city. The most elaborate preparations are being made for the new piece. Rehearsals are had every day in the lobby of the theatre, while the carpenters and scene-painters have possession of the stage. A host of new faces will appear in the new piece. Several of the *danseuses* are at present performing in Chicago, at the Opera House, having arrived here some weeks since. In the party is a young lady *danseuse*, quite young in years, but who is said to be one of the most wonderful mistresses of the art *terpsichore* ever seen in this country.

THE ITALIAN OPERA SEASON has failed to prove a profitable one to Maretzek, and he has been obliged to take his company on a foraging excursion to other cities. The cause of the failure of Maretzek's season we shall not go into details to explain, but certain it is that it is not attributable to hard times, as Maretzek says, for there never was a time—not even during the war, when everybody had money to spend and plenty of it, that the theatres were better patronised than at the present time. Every place of amusement that offers novelty is largely attended. Take for instance Niblo's, the Circus, and the Olympic, and witness the immense crowds that flock to see the different entertainments offered, and then see if hard times have visited theatrical managers. At the latter place one of Shakespeare's spectacles has been produced in splendid style, and is crowding the house every night. The management of this house has lately added two hundred and four patent folding opera house chairs to the balcony (dress circle) department, which, with the orchestra seats, are most in demand. Money is frequently returned to visitors, although there are vacant seats in the parquet, simply because the cheaper portion of the house is in less request. The theatre now has five hundred and eighty-two chairs at $1.50 each—three hundred and fifty-eight in orchestra, and two hundred and twenty-four in the balcony. Is not this sufficient proof that Maretzek's cry of "hard times" is at least premature?

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, under the management of Messrs. Sharpley, White and Cotton, is one of the most popular places of amusement in this city changing its programme each week, and giving its patrons novelty as well as variety. Whenever a new face can be secured he is at once added to the company. The managers have had rather up-hill work of it since they opened this establishment as a first class variety show, and we are pleased to learn that their efforts to please are meeting with success. Sam Glenn, the Dutch comedian, and M'lle Helene, *danseuse*, appear this week. Next week Wm. Carleton, the Irish comedian, commences a lengthy engagement.

THE EIGHTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE, lately occupied by Josh Hart as a variety place of amusement, has been leased by a gentleman of this city never before in the business, who intends opening it next week. Mr. M. C. Campbell will be acting manager.

ALL RIVERS are supposed to have had an embargo laid on them by King Frost, but his influence is lost upon Rivers & Co., the dramatic agents of this city, who still continue to run their extensive business in supplying managers with people and find engagements for professionals. They are the accredited agents for several stars, among whom is Miss Eliza Newton. Their weekly bulletin is published in the advertising columns of the CLIPPER, to which we refer those interested for additional particulars.

WALL'S DRAMATIC AGENCY, presided over by H. H. Wall, is located at 649 and 651 Broadway, where those wishing to transact business will do well to call.

ELIZA NEWTON, who, as a burlesque actress, will be remembered as one of the great attractions in Mrs. John Wood's Olympic Theatre three years ago, since which time she has been a stranger to New York theatre goers, will shortly re-appear in this city in a round of her best burlesque characters, several of which have been written expressly for her and never performed in this city. At the termination of her engagement in this city, which is limited to eight weeks, she will start on a lengthy starring tour, visiting all the principal cities in the West and Southwest, after which she will leave for England, her home, returning to this country after a two years' absence. Miss Newton was a great favorite with the patrons of the Olympic, and had a host of friends, who will no doubt give her a warm welcome when she next appears.

BURLESQUE appears to be a favorite kind of amusement, not only with managers, but the public. Tony Pastor, of the Bowery, having become that way inclined, brings out this week a musical burlesque called "Ye Devil and Doctor Faustus," which is said to abound in grotesque situations, songs, dances, marches, etc. This is the last week of Carleton, the Irish singer, and a new *ballet* called "Toby Quick," is produced.

M'LLE PERZITTI, a *danseuse* from the theatres of Italy, makes her *debut* this evening at Niblo's Garden in the "Black Crook." A new comic *ballet* entitled "Tartaffe," is given for the first time.

THE PROGRAMME offered this week by Manager Butler, of the American Theatre, is full of good things. Glancing over it we find Vivian, the comic vocalist, announced to sing "Jemmy Shaw," "Who Stole the Donkey?" "I'll Ask My Mother," "Kiss, but Never Tell," "Next Sunday Afternoon," "It's "Wonderful How We Do It," and many others. Lizzie Whelply does a dance; James Wambold plays a banjo solo; M'lle Zuccoli, Lizzie Whelply and Josephine Zuccoli execute a *pas de trois;* Charley Pettengill does a stump speech; Johnny Thompson, Bob Hart, Geo. Coes, Frank Kerns and Tommy Ryan, do a negro sketch; Johnny Thompson does a song and dance; Tommy Ryan a jig, besides many other acts, concluding with the "Shadow Pantomime."

J. HOLMES GROVER, an Irish comedian, who comes to this country with the endorsements of the English press as a first class comedian, will appear at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre on Wednesday afternoon, the 11th inst., in his own version of "Handy Andy," and as the "Irish Tutor," supported by Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Jamison, Harry E. Johnson, Frank Howland, Emma Bell, and others. This will be Mr. Grover's only appearance in this city, as he goes west to play several weeks' engagement at the Great Salt Lake Theatre.

"YE LEGEND OF YE GRAND QUEEN BESS" is the title of the new burlesque written by Edmund Falconer expressly for the Fifth Avenue Opera House, and to be produced there this evening for the first time, with Leffingwell as Queen Bess, Mrs. Howard Watkins as Earl of Essex, Blanche Chapman as Francis Drake, Millie Sackett as Francis Bacon, Sol Smith, Jr., as Don Diego, and M. B. Pike as Lord Howard. All the music will be introduced from the comic opera of "The Duchesse of Gerolstein."

MANAGER WENTWORTH, of the Theatre Comique, Boston, and James Maffitt, were in town last week; also, Charley Castle, the live circus advertiser.

PLAYS of various sorts and of various titles may be procured of T. H. French, of this city, as per advertisement.

Dramatic.

CHAS. PLUNKETT was the recipient of a benefit on Nov. 29th, at Decorah, Iowa. He appeared as John Mildmay in "Still Waters Run Deep," to the Mrs. Sternhold of Josephine Tyson.

MAY SAVILLE'S dramatic company open at Lansing, Mich., on the 9th inst.

GEORGE DEAGLE, with his "Tale of Enchantment," has had to succumb to the law, and his performances stopped, the particulars of which are furnished us by a correspondent, under date of Dec. 3d, who says:—"The Greenlaw Opera House, Memphis, Tenn., opened with considerable *eclat*, under the management of George J. Deagle, of St. Louis, and for two nights his 'Tale of Enchantment' drew wonderfully, considering the straightened condition of the population, but the third night 'came a frost, a killing frost,' in the shape of an injunction in the name of John E. McDonough, by his attorney, J. H. McVicker, of Chicago. This closed the theatre for a week, and broke down his business. To sustain himself, he had to disclaim that it was the 'Black Crook,' but an entirely different affair, and when the Chancellor decided that his court was without jurisdiction, and the injunction was lifted, the charm was broken, and there was only a fair house the balance of the week, rainy and intensely cold weather suddenly setting in. McVicker proceeded at once to Knoxville, and obtained an injunction from Judge Trigg, of the U. S. District Court, and had it served on Nov. 30. But he might have saved himself the trouble, for the company could not have been kept together any longer. It required all the means Deagle had to stave off the talons of the law. He left yesterday for St. Louis, where Tony Denier, wife and daughter, also went. Cardelli and Galetti leave for New York. Helen De Vere, Susie Starr, and Jeannie and Lillie Becket, who were of the *ballet*, have obtained engagements at Broom's Varieties here, and have made quite an impression. Deagle struggled manfully, but the weight of capital was against him. The Greenlaw Opera House had too contracted a stage for the display of his scenic effects, or even for dancing. There were no facilities for traps, and altogether it was a bad speculation. His loss cannot be less than $3,000, with only the most remote prospect of recovering damages."

THE NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE is said to have been doing an indifferent business of late. The season commenced unpropitiously. The death of Avonia Jones, when her engagement was to have commenced, threw a damper on the business at the start. Then came Belle Boyd, a mere novice on the stage, and patriotism with reduced pockets is at a discount. Then Lady Don, Emilie Melville and Lotta followed in succession, and now (Dec. 3d), we have Miss Fanny B. Price, a meritorious young actress, with an occasional glimpse of D. Hanchett. A week's bad business was the consequence. Even the benefit on Nov. 29th was not more than half a house. On Dec. 2d, "Under the Gaslight" was produced, introducing a breakdown or two and a walk-around. The banjo solo was *encored*, as was the song of "the girl with the waterfall." The house was an improvement on the previous week.

MARK BROOKS, of Mobile, Ala., has secured "Rip Van Winkle" and "Arrah-Na-Pogue," and intends traveling through Pennsylvania, commencing in May, with Emma Howell, (Mrs. Mark Brookes), as Arrah Meelish.

MARY GLADSTANE terminated the second and last week of her engagement at the theatre in Mobile on Nov. 30th.

T. L. CONNOR, backed by a wealthy gentleman, has taken a theatrical company from Memphis, Tenn., to Little Rock.

CHARLES S. ROGERS, comedian, may be addressed as per advertisement.

A GOOD LEADING LADY is wanted for Sherry's New York Theatre, which establishment is doing a good business in the oil regions of Pennsylvania. For address, read advertisement.

MISS FANNY B. PRICE closed her engagement at Memphis on the 7th, and commences her second engagement this season at DeBar's Opera House, St. Louis, on the 9th.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN advertises in another column for two actors. We refer to said advertisement for further particulars and address.

MISS KATE REIGNOLDS and "Nobody's Daughter" are to be presented to the Brooklyn public, at the Park Theatre, this week, following Edwin Adams, who closed his performance there on the 7th.

E. EDDY is succeeded at the "Brooklyn Opera House," Williamsburgh, by Mr. J. W. Lingard, who opened on the 9th inst.

EDWIN ADAMS is at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, commencing on the 9th inst.

JOHN BROUGHAM continues to meet with unmistakeable success at the Walnut, Philadelphia. He has made a hit in the "Lottery of Life," which has taken immensely with the fiery drabs. It remains on the bills until further notice.

MRS. G. C. HOWARD, with a dramatic company, appeared in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Corning, N. Y., on the 6th inst.

CECILE RUSH closed in Vicksburg, Miss., on the 7th inst., and is this week in Memphis, Tenn.

LUCILLE WESTERN will follow John Brougham at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

MRS. LANDER will appear at the Academy of Music, Pittsburgh, for three nights, commmencing Dec. 16th.

LADY DON was at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., last week, and appeared in "Woman's Rights," "Aladdin," and a selection of Scotch ballads. She is followed, this week, by Emilie Melville.

THE BURT FAMILY appeared in Canton, Ill., on Nov. 28th, in "The Windmill" and "Wedded Life."

RISTORI gives three performances in Pittsburgh, Pa., on the [illegible]th, 12th and 13th inst.

IN WASHINGTON, D. C., where Maggie Mitchell closed her engagement of twelve nights at the National Theatre on the 30th ultimo, J. H. Hackett commenced a six nights' stay on the 2d inst., appearing in his great specialty, Falstaff, in the grand historical play of "King Henry Fourth," with the following excellent cast of characters: Prince of Wales, Mr. Chas Vandenhoff; King Henry, Mr. Humphrey Bland; Earl of Worcester, Mr. C. L. Allen; Hotspur, Mr. W. E. Sheridan; Westmoreland, Mr. Francis Foster; Douglas, Mr. B. C. Smith; Francis, Mr. E. Lamb; Poins, Mr. J. P. Kilbourne; Lady Percy, Miss Annie Waite, and Hostess, Mrs. H. P. Grattan. Our correspondent "Novice" says:—"The theatre was densely crowded, and the performance could not have been given to better advantage. The new leading lady, Mrs. Waite, had so small a part, that of Lady Percy, that an opportunity was hardly offered to make an impression. Mr. Hackett's Falstaff is certainly a great piece of acting, and the character is one which he has decidedly made his own. The acting of Messrs. Sheridan, Bland and Vandenhoff was excellent, and the gentlemen named deserve all the praise I can command. The same bill was repeated on the following evening. On the 4th inst., 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' with Hackett, Vandenhoff, Smith, Allen, Lamb, Annie Waite, Blanche Gray, Viola Plunkett and Mrs. Grattan in the cast. The bill of the 4th was repeated on the 5th inst. This evening, 6th, Mr. Hackett takes a benefit, appearing as Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, in Macklin's comedy of the 'Man of the World,' and Monsieur Mallet in the 'Post Office Mistake.' On the 9th inst., Mr. Edwin Forrest commences an engagement of ten performances, and will be supported by Miss Lillie, Mr. Barton Hill and the stock company. The management announce the following plays:—Dec. 9th, 'Richelieu;' 10th, 'Jack Cade;' 11th, 'Virginius;' 12th, 'Othello;' 13th, 'Gladiator.' The following prices have been fixed for Mr. Forrest's nights: Parquet and dress circle, $1.00; orchestra chairs, $1.50; private boxes, $10.00; gallery, fifty cents; and colored boxes, seventy-five cents."

THE CHICAGO COMBINATION, says a correspondent, "opened at the Opera House, Fond du Lac, Wis., on Nov. 26, to a good house. On the 27th they had a bad house, and Mr. Bock, the manager, got frightened, and left for Chicago to see his mother, leaving the company with nary a cent to get home. The amateurs of the city tendered the company a benefit on Thanksgiving, which made them all right."

THE SPECTACLE OF "UNDINE," in which the Viennoise *ballet* troupe of Jarrett and Palmer made its first appearance in America, was produced for the first time at Crosby's Opera House, Chicago, Ill., on the 2d inst. A correspondent says: "The *ballet* troupe, under charge of Mons Adrian, consists of four *premiers assolu* a six soloists, and about thirty *coryphees*. Their dresses are all new and very rich; those used in the 'Pas de Aquarium' are the same as used by the Water Nymphs in the 'Black Crook.' They introduce three *ballets*—the 'Water Lily,' in the first act, with Mlle. Wesnael as *premiere*; 'Pas de Aquarium,' in the second act, Mlle. Venturiol as *premiere*; 'Pas de Aix' and Amazon March in the third act, in which Wesnael and Venturiol appear; also the infant *premiere* Schlager, who does the 'Cachuca' with the utmost grace and finish, receiving the only *encore* of the evening. In this act the sisters Elise and Marietta do the 'Pas de Hongrois. The closing scene occupies nearly all the fourth act, and is a scenic and mechanical triumph, reflecting great credit on Mr. Getz, scenic artist, Mr. Wallace Hume, machinist, and their assistants. The scene is entitled a 'Tribute to Christmas,' and on its opening discloses Christmas reclining on a water lily; New Year slowly arises from the silvery deep; the four Seasons approach on invisible wings, then the scene is filled with gracefully-poised nymphs floating in mid air, and the final change discloses Aurora amid a halo of colored lights, the red and green fires are burned, and down goes the curtain. McKee Rankin, who sustains the part of Sir Rupert, does so with much spirit. Emily Thorne, as Lurline, was charming, her singing being rapturously applauded. Mr. Bretonne as Baptiste evinced a disposition to overdo his part, while Mrs. Julia Clissold was far from pleasing, her singing being cut out entirely. The properties, by Mr. Clark, were in keeping with the general excellence of its production. The management expect to run the piece for six weeks, when the *ballet* will go to New York."

FROM NEW ORLEANS we are advised of doings in the dramatic world up to Dec. 1st, under which date our correspondent "Frank" says:—"At the Varieties Theatre 'Arrah Na Pogue' was produced on Nov. 25th, and run until Nov. 29th, when 'Caste' was brought out, with Mrs. Gomersal as Esther Eccles, Alice Placide as Polly Eccles, W. R. Floyd as George D'Alroy, Thos. MacDonough (his first appearance at this theatre) as Captain Alfred Hawtree, and Wm. Gomersal as Eccles. To-night 'Caste' is repeated, and will continue to keep the boards for the present......At the St. Charles Theatre business has been good the past week, with Lotta as the star, and a star she is, if there ever was one in the profession. On Nov. 25th the 'Pet of the Petticoats' and 'Nan' were given, with Lotta as Paul. From the time Lotta comes on the stage until she leaves it, one continued round of applause greets her acting, dancing and banjo playing. The same bill was given on Nov. 26th to a good house. On Nov. 27th 'Pocahontas' was produced, with Lotta in the title *role*, and Ben De Bar as Powhattan. The performance passed off in good style, Lotta carrying off the laurels. On Nov. 28th 'Pocahontas' was repeated, and on Nov. 29th the 'Female Detective,' and 'Object of Interest,' were given. Last night (the 30th) the same bill was given to a good house. To-night 'Captain Charlotte,' 'Beauty and the Beast' and 'Family Jars,' Lotta appearing in all pieces. Lotta continues the star next (this) week......At the New Opera House French opera holds the boards to good houses. Nov. 25th the 'Barber of Seville' was produced to a large and fashionable audience; the opera was well performed. On Nov. 26th 'La Favorita' was brought out, and repeated Nov. 27th. On the 28th 'Robert le Diable;' Nov. 29th and 30th the same bill. To-night the drama of 'La Tour de Nesle.' On Dec. 2d, first night of the opera of 'The Queen's Musketeers.'......The National Theatre (German) produced on Nov. 25th the opera of 'Der Dorf Barbier,' (the 'Country Barber,') to a good house. There was no performance on Nov. 26th. On the 27th the opera 'Der Freischutz,' followed on the 28th by the drama of the 'Wandering Jew,' which was repeated on Nov. 29th. On Saturday evening the opera of 'Martha' was given to a large and appreciative audience......The Academy of Music has been running 'A Tale of Enchantment' to overflowing houses. The piece is gotten up in splendid style, no pains or expense having been spared. The *ballet* is large, and the dancing in the hands (or feet) of the best *danseuses* ever seen in this city."

LEWIS BAKER arrived in New Orleans on Nov. 28th, to take the late Mr W. H. Riley's place as stage manager of the St. Charles Theatre.

AT MCVICKER'S THEATRE, Chicago, Mr and Mrs. Barney Williams are performing to only fair houses with the "Shamrock."

THE 'DUKE'S MOTTO" was produced at Wood's Museum, Chicago, Ill., on the 2d inst., with the following cast:—Lagadere, Mr. Aiken; Gonzage, Mr. Arnold; Carrickfergus, Mr. Dillon; Nevers, Mr. Lawtelle; Prince Regent, Mr. Wood; Peyrolles, Mr. LeMoyne; Blanche, Mrs. Barry; Duchess, Mrs. Stoneall, and Zillah, Mrs. Holland. "Pale Janet" and "Nobody's Son" were underlined last week.

THE RECENT ACCIDENT TO SAN GALLI.—A report having obtained currency to the effect that the favorite *danseuse*, M'lle Rita San Galli had met with an accident at the Continental Theatre, Boston, by which she had a leg broken, and was incapicated from dancing, we are requested by the lady to contradict such report. The fall did not prevent her from fulfilling her engagement with Mr. Whitman, of the Continental, nor from appearing at the Boston Theatre, in the opera of "La Favorita," where she was received with great favor. San Galli dances with as much spirit as ever, and we hope she may long continue her Terpsichorean performances.

E. L. DAVENPORT terminated his two weeks' engagement at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, on the 7th inst. Our correspondent "Nonpareil," under date of Dec. 6, says: "The second week of the engagement of E. L. Davenport has been attended with better success, in a financial point of view, than the week previous. The weather has been better, and as a consequence the Academy has been well attended by parties who were anxious to witness good acting. On Dec. 2d and 3d Mr Davenport appeared as St. Marc, in the drama of that name. On Dec. 4th, he gave us, for the first time in many years, 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' in which he gave the finest piece of acting I have ever seen. On Dec. 5th, he appeared as Benedick in 'Much Ado About Nothing.' To-night (6th inst.) we are to see him as Rover in the comedy of 'Wild Oats,' in which character he is spoken of as being great. On Monday, Dec. 9, we are to have Ristori at the Academy for the second time, which, from present indications, I think will be once too often for Cleveland."

ACCIDENT TO J. F. NOYES.—During the performance of "The Female Detective" on the evening of Nov. 29th, at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, on the occasion of Lotta's benefit, J. F. Noyes, who supported her as Barry, and who is supposed to be shot by soldiers from the top of the house, made a mis-step and was precipitated some sixteen feet to the stage, striking on the left side of his head, and fracturing the skull. He was taken up insensible, and carried to his home on Poydras street, where he was attended by a physician throughout the night. Although he was comfortable the next morning, is thought that it will be impossible for him to appear again for some time. When Mr. Noyes first struck the stage, and the audience discovered the blood issuing from his mouth and nostrils, they testified their appreciation of his efforts to please by long, loud and continued applause, until Lotta gave the signal for dropping the curtain.

WALLER'S OPERA HOUSE, Newark, N. J., closed on the 2d inst., when a farewell benefit was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Waller, the play being "Honeymoon," and the "Dead Shot." Our correspondent, "Rover," says:—"The reason of closing the Opera House is, I believe, for want of patronage. The company has been, with but few exceptions, very poor, and greatly inferior to that of last year. It was thought but recently by the patrons of the drama that a permanent place of amusement was established in Newark, but after a few weeks' trial the idea has been abandoned, and the only place of amusement in the city closed. Mr. Waller has, doubtless, catered for our citizens to the best of his ability, but still there has been a screw loose somewhere. It is a great pity that such a splendid theatre should remain closed, in a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants. Now is the time for the burnt cork gentlemen to swing around here."

MESSRS. DAVIS & CO., well known as dramatic agents in Porkopolis, are making commendable efforts to facilitate business between actors, actresses and managers, and each week publish their catalogue of wants in the advertising columns of the CLIPPER. By referring to them it will be found that they have vacancies for people and *vice versa*, to which the profession generally who are on the look-out for engagements should pay attention

ELOCUTION is, or ought to be, the grand essential in the education of actors and actresses, and all should see to it that they are "up" in that branch of education. An opportunity is offered in an advertisement in the CLIPPER signed J. H. Warwick.

MAJOR H. LINDLEY AND FLORENCE WEBSTER, the former a comedian, the latter leading lady and soubrette actress, advertise in another column for engagements.

ZOE appeared in the "French Spy," at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, during the past week, to fair audiences. This week she appears as Fenella in "Massaniello." Her engagement closes on the 14th, and Janauschek succeeds her, beginning on the 16th.

SIGNOR VALLO, of Philadelphia, is engaged in writing a spectacular drama called "A Voyage to the Moon."

MISS CAROLINE CARSON, leading lady, late of Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, Mass., advertises for an engagement in another column.

MRS. LANDER continues her tragic impersonations at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, where she commenced in "Elizabeth" on the 2d inst., which retained the stage until the 6th, when "Mary Stuart" was given. During the current week she is to appear as Mary Stuart, Medea, Elizabeth and Lady Macbeth, her engagement terminating with a *matinee* on the 14th. The Lagrange and Brignoli Opera Troupe inaugurate a season at the Academy on the 16th, closing on the 21st.

LADY DON is the current star at the Athenæum, Detroit, Mich.

WILSON AND CLARKE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY open in St. John, N. B., on the 10th inst., for a brief season.

BIDWELL AND LOCKE'S DRAMATIC FORCES perform in Portsmouth, N. H., on the 11th, 12th and 13th inst.

FANNY MORGAN PHELPS was the attraction at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., last week. Our correspondent "Mose" says:—"Mrs. Phelps has been poorly supported during the week by the stock company—in fact, she received the weakest support of any star that has visited us this season. On the first night John Davis, the leading man, was taken suddenly ill, and was unable to appear, and rather a poor actor had to read his part, which, of course, marred the performance considerably. On the second night George Clair, the heavy man, failed to connect, having been taken suddenly 'indisposed,' and J. S. Rooney read *his* part. Mr. Clair did not appear the balance of the week, as he received a 'ticket of leave' from the management, stating that his services were no longer required. Mr. Clair was one of the best heavy men we have had at the opera house, and had he not been his worst enemy, would have become a great favorite. W. J. Hurley, formerly with the McKean Buchanan party, joined the company on the 7th. Manager Everett is in New York looking up talent, as he intends making several changes in the company. Mrs. Emma Waller is the next star, opening in 'Elizabeth.'"

MANAGER GOLDEN is said to have been doing a good business in Evansville, Ind., up to Nov. 28th, when, through some difficulty on that evening, E. C. Voltz, the young actor and stage manager, withdrew from the company, followed by Kate Mayhew, Annie Mayhew, Dollie Peak and W. W. Grant. Since then business has been bad, as they were the attractions. On the 2d, during the performance of "Asmodeus," Lizzie Jackson was unfortunate enough to shoot her thumb off, and has not been able to appear since.

KATE REIGNOLDS opened at the Academy, Albany, N. Y., in Fulton and Maeder's "Nobody's Daughter," on the 2d inst., which was repeated on the 3d; on the 4th "Griffith Gaunt" was given, and on the 5th "Lioness of the North." For her benefit, on the 6th, "Madonna" and "Richelieu at Sixteen." On the 7th, *matinee*, "Lioness of the North," and evening "Armadale" and "Richelieu at Sixteen." The last piece is decidedly her best. Our correspondent, "Arty," says:—"During her engagement she has made many friends; her reading has been greatly admired, while her laugh is so infectious it is no sooner commenced than the whole audience are convulsed with paroxysms of merriment. The support given her by Mr. S. K. Chester and the stock company was excellent."

MAGGIE MITCHELL continues at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, where she is said to have attracted crowded houses the past week, with "Fanchon."

CHARLES BARRON made his *debut* in Detroit, Mich., on the 2d inst., in "Othello," supported by B. Macauley as Iago, and Mrs. Howard as Emelia. "Richelieu" was given on the 3d, with J. E. Whiting as De Maupret, and S. W. Ashley as De Beringhen. "Ruy Blas" was the bill offered on the 4th and 5th, and for his benefit "The Fool's Revenge," which was repeated on the 7th for his farewell performance.

FORREST terminated his engagement at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on the 6th, appearing as Spartacus in the "Gladiator." His engagement was for five nights, and was a brilliant one. On the 7th the "Streets of New York" was produced in a magnificent manner, the fire scene, with a steam fire engine at work, exceeding in intensity the famous railroad scene in the play of "Under the Gaslight." John E. Owens opens at the Holliday on the 9th.

THE INJUNCTION as renewed between Barton and McKnight against Ford, of the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, has been postponed until January next.

FANNY JANAUSCHECK opens at the Concordia, Baltimore, on the 10th, in "Medea." Her stay in Baltimore is limited to four nights.

ELSSLER AND MURRAY'S DRAMATIC COMPANY closed their six nights engagement in Milwaukee, Wis., on Nov. 30th, and started for Racine, where they performed the past week. They were to re-open in Milwaukee on the 9th, for six nights, producing "Caste," "French Spy," etc.

THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Nashville, Tenn., was closed on the 2d inst., in consequence of very bad business, but was announced to re-open on the 6th inst.

THE SUMMER STREET THEATRE, Nashville, Tenn., was opened on the 3d inst., for an amateur performance for the benefit of a Benevolent Society.

J. G. SAVILLE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, with May Saville as the star attraction, appeared in Grand Rapids, Mich., and Ionia the past week. The *Eagle* of the former city in a late issue says:—"Saville's Olympic Troupe appeared last night at Luce's Hall, before a good audience, and acquitted itself with much credit. It is unquestionably the best organized dramatic company which has yet visited us. The star of the troupe, May Saville, is a sprightly and charming actress, and captivated the audience upon her first appearance. Mr. J. G. Saville is an actor of no common merit; Miss L. C. Barton, in the *role* of an old woman, is remarkably good, and several others of the troupe deserve special mention, possessing decided dramatic ability and taste."

J. F. SHERRY'S DRAMATIC COMPANY is said to have done a good business through the oil regions, being the first company through there for a long time.

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY appeared in Lowell, Mass., in the Irish play of "Innisfallen, or the Men in the Gap," on the 5th and 6th. Edmund Falconer, author of the play, appeared in the character of Terrence O'Bryan.

MISS EFFIE GERMON AND OWEN FAWCETT are securing a number of new and attractive pieces for their starring tour. They have procured the right of performing in the United States and the Canadas, from the 12th of June, 1868, the sensational drama of "The Great City," which enjoyed a run of over 200 nights at the Drury Lane Theatre, London; also an original dramatization of Offenbach's operatic burlesque, "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein."

JOE JEFFERSON has been playing his "Rip Van Winkle" at the Varieties Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., the past week to crowded houses. Our correspondent writes, "The play has been put on the stage in a correct manner. Mr. Jefferson has been well supported by J. K. Vernon as Derrick, H. E. Rainforth as Cockles, E. Barry as Hendrick in the 3d act, Anna Hathaway as Gretchen, and Annie Meeker as Meenie. Mr. Jefferson is nightly called before the curtain, and shares meritoriously with Anna Hathaway the applause......At Ben. De Bar's Charlotte Thompson appeared the past week in 'Fanchon,' 'Little Barefoot,' and 'Victorine.' On Friday (Dec. 6th), for Miss Thompson's farewell benefit and last appearance will be presented, 'The Hunchback.' Miss Thompson appears as Julia. On Dec. 9th Fanny Price opens for six nights, it being her second appearance this season. During the week she will appear in 'Leah,' 'Deborah,' 'Fanchon,' 'Nobody's Daughter,' etc."

AT THE OMAHA ACADEMY OF MUSIC Blanche De Bar has been the star during the week ending Nov. 30th, appearing to fair houses. Business, says a correspondent, "is dwindling down at Omaha, owing, perhaps, to the sudden change of weather or the absence of a larger number of strangers. 'Cinderella' is in active preparation, with new scenery, painted by J. Guido Methua. Miss De Bar is an actress of talent. Geo. Chaplin is now the leading man and stage manager at the Academy."

EMILIE MELVILLE terminated her engagement in Indianapolis, Ind., on the 7th inst.

GREENWALL'S COMPANY, at the Galveston, Texas, Theatre, although pronounced a good one, has been meeting with very poor encouragement of late. One evening recently there was only a twenty-five dollar house.

MANAGER BOOTH'S BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY, under E. M. Leslie's management, appeared at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 2d and 3d, with Edmund Falconer and "Innisfallen," as the attraction. Only moderate houses were in attendance. The play, says a correspondent, "was well done with Louis Aldrich, D. R. Allen, H. A. Weaver, Dan Maginnis, Rachel Noah, Susan Flood, Susie Cluer, Mrs. E. M. Leslie and others in the cast. Mr. Booth has purchased of the author the drama of 'Norwood' and will produce it here probably next (this) week. Mr. Booth is striving hard to please our theatre going citizens, and through his enterprise we are having a glympse at all the new dramas, which otherwise we should not, though some of them, literary speaking, don't amount to much."

"THE FLYING SCUD" was produced on the 2d inst., at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., and attracted good houses throughout the week. Henry Ashley, the proprietor of the piece, had a fair benefit on the 6th. Our correspondent, "Theo," says:—"The Nat Goslin of J. L. Gossin, Moses Davis of Ben G. Rogers, and Col. Mulligan by C. Smith, were exceedingly well acted, as was Mrs. Meek's Julia Latimer; Miss Jennie Milton, who has just recovered from a severe attack of the typhoid fever, appeared as Katy Rideout, and was well received. Misses Ward and Peterson acted the two young jockeys finely."

OF THE OPENING of the Montgomery, Ala., Theatre, and its subsequent closing, a correspondent writing under date of Dec. 4th, says: "In the first place the citizens subscribed $1,200 to bring the company here, and to act as a sinking fund in case of failure, and promised faithfully to support Mrs. Hunter if she brought a first class company to this place, which she did, as acknowledged by the citizens and public in general. On the opening night there were $195 in the house; second night, $40, and third night, $20, and so on, until it was impossible for Mrs. Hunter to keep the place open any longer for the want of patronage. It closed Nov. 30th. Mrs. Hunter then turned the building over to the company to make what they could to get out of this town, for they had not as yet made enough to pay board for one person. The people of Montgomery will not support a theatrical company under any circumstances. But if a circus company or monkey show or a troupe of model artists come in town, the *elite* of the city, headed by their respective ministers of the gospel, rush to the entertainment and fill the house night after night. Mrs. Harry Hunter worked very hard and did all in her power to keep the place open, and even went so far as to lose $775 besides the $1,200 raised by subscription, and then failed to receive any support. I would like to warn all theatrical and show people in general to shun this place. The play of 'Hamlet' was produced here last week to a $140 house. Hamlet, by J. Newton Gotthold, was well rendered; Laertes, Mr. H. Howard; the Queen, Julia Powers, and the King, by Mr. Gooding, were good. Ophelia, by Agnes Stanfield, was one of the worst pieces of acting ever witnessed on this or any other stage. She was engaged for the juvenile parts, but she is not capable of filling the part of a good utility woman. 'Caste' was produced for the first time on Dec. 2d, to a fair house, Mr. Gotthold as the Hon. George Dalroy, Durivage as Eccles, Lizzie Madden as Polly, and Miss Stanfield as Esther. The parts were excellently sustained by all the characters, with the exception of Miss Stanfield as Esther, as she came very near ruining the whole performance. I would advise this lady to seek some other occupation, as she mistook her calling altogether when she took to the stage. To-night is the last night of 'Caste.'"

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE commenced a season of English opera at the Boston Theatre on the 2d inst. An exchange says:—"The operas which have been performed during the past week have not flagged in the least, the spirit of each has been admirably preserved, and all the artists have sung and acted with an *esprit du corps* as commendable as it has been evident. The performances have been highly enjoyable, and the Richings Troupe as at present constituted is worthy the consideration and patronage of Boston's most cultivated *connoisseurs*." This week the troupe appear in "Crown Diamonds," "Daughter of the Regiment," "Fra Diavolo," "Martha" and "Bohemian Girl."

LARGE AUDIENCES have witnessed the performances of "Hunted Down," "Old Heads and Young Hearts," "Money," and "Lady of Lyons," at Selwyn's Boston Theatre. The club scene in the third act of "Money," which is seldom given in this country is said to have been very handsomely done. "Caste" is to be produced for a *matinee* on the 11th inst.

LUCILLE WESTERN continues her engagement at the Continental Theatre, Boston, Mass. Last week "East Lynne" and the "Child Stealer" were produced, with James Carden in the cast. This week she appears as Nancy Sykes in "Oliver Twist," with James Carden as Bill Sykes.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Boston, brings out this week a comic spectacular pantomime entitled "The Devil's Auction," with Jas. Maffitt as Toby, the Donkey, W. H. Bartholomew as Old Bonnyfony, and Teresa Wood as Elvira. The pantomime of "Blue Beard" is in active preparation.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" is to be produced at the Boston Theatre on the 14th inst., for the first time.

"NOBODY'S DAUGHTER," is attracting crowded audiences to the Boston Museum.

MARETZEK'S ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE have possession of Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, this week.

Mrs. M. A. Farren takes a benefit at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the 13th inst., appearing in her two great specialties, "Lucrezia Borgia" and "Mary Tudor."

Mrs. D. P. Bowers terminated her Boston engagement at the Howard Athenæum on the 7th inst. This week the stock company appear in the sensational drama of "The Wizard of the Wave."

Negro Minstrelsy.

Arlington's Minstrels closed in Chicago, Ill., on Nov. 30th, and have started on a tour of five weeks, going to Pittsburgh via St. Louis, Louisville and Cincinnati. Arlington, Cool Burgess, Charlie Reynolds, Stout, Fredericks, Carter and Sweet, are in the party. J. W. Haverly is manager. Their hall will undergo repairs during their absence.

Johnny Leavitt is announced to take a benefit at Mercantile Hall, Boston, on the 16th inst. Among the volunteers who are announced to appear are Chas. H. Atkinson, Edwin Holmes, M. B. Leavitt, Frank Dayton, Frank Talbott, H. F. Jordan, Geo. Frothingham, J. A. Reilly, Jos. L. Davenport, Geo. W. Woodill, A. R. Simpson and Henri Muller.

The Morris Brothers' Minstrels, of Boston, opened on the 2d inst., at Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., and have been showing to very large audiences. Our correspondent says:—"The company is directed by Lon Morris, who does not, however, appear at his old place in the middle. The leading feature in the entertainments offered, is the 'Trip Around the World' panorama, which is given in the first part, and which I find it difficult to praise, it being a very tame affair. Billy Morris occupied the tambo end, J. C. Campbell the opposite end, and Ainsley Scott acts as Interlocutor. The evening I attended, the second part opened with 'My Father Sould Charcoal,' which was capitally done by Johnny Queen. The 'Laughing Gas' burlesque followed, preceding a comic song by Billy Morris. The neatest song and dance I have witnessed for a long time was next given by Billy Barker, a very young but excellent performer. The Dwarf Dance by Harry Talbott, and the Tobias and Biancas trio, concluded the second part. A burlesque base ball match between the 'Galutes' and the 'Lunchfinders,' concluded the performance. A great deal of excitement was caused by the base ballers using three balls, thereby keeping the audience constantly on the look out for them. The company have actually given a change of programme each evening, and although other troupes always advertise a change and never do it, the Morris Brothers—without much of an effort—have produced a change of novelties in rapid succession."

Little Eddy, the eccentric comedian, late of Hooley's Minstrels, in Brooklyn, died in that city very suddenly, on the 2d instant.

Arlington's Minstrels played at Colerick Hall, Fort Wayne, Ind., on the 2d inst. *en route* for Louisville, Ky.

The Richinson Minstrels, announced to appear last week in Philadelphia, are a sort of made-up party, belonging to that city. Their principal performers are Billy Barr, Pete Williams, and Andy Williams.

Ned Reed, a minstrel performer, whose specialty is end man, advertises for an engagement in the Clipper.

Newcomb's Minstrels draw large houses to Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. Burnell Runnells and sons, who put in an appearance last week, proved a good card. Emmett takes the place on the end vacated by Emerson. Chas. Collins, Fay Wilton and the Weston Brothers have been added to the party.

The Morris Brothers Minstrels closed in Washington, D. C., on the 7th inst. Their stay of six nights was, it is stated, the grandest success ever achieved by a minstrel organization in that city. The troupe open at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, Md., on the 9th, for six nights.

Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels were at Albany, N. Y., on the 2d and 3d inst., and attracted large audiences. They are to hold forth in Portsmouth, N. H., on the 14th inst.

Dick Sands' Minstrels closed up on Nov. 30th, in this State. Business was bad and the sickness of Wm. Ashcroft was the cause of the sudden stop. They start out again this week through Connecticut.

Hamall's Serenaders, a company organized in Montreal, C. E., under the direction of Hugh Hamall, balladist, performed at the Mechanics' Hall in that city on Dec. 2d, 3d and 4th, to crowded houses every night. The quartet are Hugh Hamall, A. Lenox, J. S. Danvers and A. Hamall; leader of orchestra, Master Shea; end men, Johnny Cole and Bob Simmons.

At Wilson's Opera House, St. Louis, Mo., business, notwithstanding the heavy counter-attractions and inclement weather the past week, is said to have been good. Geo. Bowers, song and dance man, has become a favorite. On Dec. 2d Myron Lewis, burlesque *prima donna* and dancer, put in his first appearance.

Mr Howard, one of the performers with Wilson's Minstrels, gave a large sized individual a sound thrashing in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 7th for insulting his manager.

"Norwood," in a burlesque form, is to be produced at Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn, this week. It is by one of the authors of the "original" drama. The burlesque has been localized and will introduce all points of interest in the City of Churches. George Christy, who has been re-engaged, will appear in the *role* of Pete which has been written expressly for him.

Circuses.

"Yankee Robinson's Himself Again," and as will be seen by advertisement in another column, he has a large quantity of circus trappings that he wishes to dispose of, including tents, dresses, animals, and "other things too numerous to mention." Those desiring to be posted, and who wish to invest, will consult said advertisement, in which they will find additional particulars.

Haight and Chambers' Circus left New Orleans for Galveston, Texas, on Nov. 26th.

For Chappelle's Olympian Troupe, two good gymnasts are wanted. For how to address see advertisement.

Thayer and Noyes' Circus continues to attract large audiences to the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore. On the 4th inst., Doctor Thayer, while in the ring, to an answer to a question from Mr. Whittaker, said that if he could not amuse his audience without resorting to vulgar and obscene language, he would cease to cater for their amusement. His remarks were received with an Indian yell of approbation.

Wm. La Rue, well known in the circus business as a bare back rider, met with an accident in Philadelphia on the 6th instant, while practicing his trick horse Royal George. He was attempting to leap the second gate, when his horse, all on fire, and entering into the spirit of his master, made a mis-step and threw his heels up accidentally, and struck his master below the knee, fracturing the leg badly.

Music Halls.

The Varieties, Memphis, Tenn., with its new accessions from the defunct "Black Crook," was a success last week. The limbs of the late *coryphees* proved an attraction, and a good many thought the sentiment played out that "distance lends enchantment to the view." Another attraction was Mr. Willis Cobb and his trained dogs, goats and monkeys, who are said to come as near exhibiting reasoning powers as the most assiduous perseverance and skill in teaching can impart. The numerous feats and tricks were enthusiastically received by the audience. Eugene Gorman and Johnny Weaver continue favorites at this place of amusement.

At the Olympic, Mobile, Ala., the company at present engaged is as follows:—Geo. E. Madden, stage manager; Tony Benton, Jimmy Cummings, Charley Rivers, Charley Seymour, Arthur Graham, Minnie Grey and Lizzie Ellsworth.

The Canterbury, Omaha, Nebraska, is the only variety place of amusement open at present in that section of the country. Add Weaver, Jim Hays, Geo. Edwards, Morrisey Little, Frank Steele and Rose La Forrest are in the company.

At the Olympic, New Orleans, the variety entertainment continues to please. Cal. Wagner was underlined to appear on Dec. 2d.

At the Palace Varieties, Cincinnati, Ohio, Miss Gooden and Chas. Davis made their first appearance last week, which, together with Misses Whitney and Yale and several other of the old favorites, make a good variety entertainment.

Manager Fox, of the American Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, is giving his patrons some capital entertainments, and the public reward him with large houses. Fanny Forrest, vocalist, has been added to his forces, and makes her appearance this week. The *ballet*, which is a great feature of the performances at the American, embraces a number of excellent dancers. The spectacular *ballet* of the "Enchanted Garden" is now in its tenth week.

Martini Chiriski, the wire walker, while performing his act in Baltimore, Md., on the 5th inst., fell and was carried off the stage senseless. He is announced to commence a four weeks' engagement at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, this week.

The Metropolitan Hall, Washington, D. C., is said to give one of the best variety shows ever seen in that city. Victoria Howard opened on the 2d inst.; also, Geo. Warren, Geo. Winship, and Johnny Prendergast. Sam Collyer and his three boys were to open on the 9th, also Billy Pastor, the comic vocalist. Hannah Birch, Nellie Edwards, the Wesner Sisters, Billy Rice, and Geo. L. Hall are still there.

At the Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., G. W. and W. J. Thompson and their acting dogs were the attractions last week. Johnny Hart, Clark Gibbs, H. W. Williams, T. H. Williams, T. H. Jefferson, and Larry Tooly do the nigger business. The Walby Sisters, Lucy Clifton, and Alice Seidler are the lady favorites.

Billy Emerson, song and dance man, appeared at the Olympic, St. Louis, Mo., on Dec. 2d.

Miscellaneous.

A Manager or Agent is wanted for a lecturer of ability, one of whose subjects is an "Oration on the Devil." Application may be made through box 1,641, Philadelphia P. O., as will be seen by advertisement.

"The Showmen of America" hereby have their attention called to the advertisement of Messrs. Russell, Morgan & Co., in the Clipper, by which it will be seen that they are prepared to do show printing in the best manner at reasonable rates. Parties intending to travel in the West should not forget this, one of the principal firms in Cincinnati, O.

The Spauldings, Bell Ringers, on their return from a tour through the eastern section of Maine, extending into New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where they met with the warmest reception, gave one of their entertainments at Nonombega Hall, Bangor, Me., on the 1st inst. A correspondent says:—"The affair was a success, and one highly gratifying to them. The harping of Georgie Dean Spaulding was an improvement, if such a thing could be, on her former efforts, while the familiar faces of Messrs. Spaulding and Breban met with pleasant recognition, and the warbling of Miss Kate Brevoort gave additional zest to the performance."

James E. Bryan, of Zanesville, O., is great on the stick; that is to say, he is one of the bill stickers of that region, and is the fortunate owner of "Bill Boards."

A Tent Architect, or canvas maker, is a friend in need to circus and showmen, and as it may be convenient to know where to find one when you want him, Henry Sparks wisely keeps his address in the Clipper. Read his advertisement.

Marshall and Doyle's Japanese were at Columbus, Ga., on Nov. 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d; Macon one week, commencing the 25th, and opened at the Savannah (Ga.) Theatre, on the 2d inst., for one week. This company is reported to be doing a fine business through the South, the novelty presented by the "Japs" being sufficient to counteract the "pressure of the times." They are billed in Augusta, Ga., for one week, commencing the 9th. E. P. Kendall is the advance agent for the troupe.

Frank Newhall and James H. Roberts, late of the minstrel profession, were in Newark, Ohio, last week, giving a free lecture and concert, assisted by Dr. Hamlin, the originator of the wizard oil.

Messrs. Seavey & Co., scene and panorama painters, have advertisements in this week's Clipper, of importance to managers and showmen generally.

A Vocalist, both comic and sentimental, and possessing other qualifications, advertises for a "posish" in this week's Clipper, under the *nom de plume* of "Music."

A Dancing Challenge from A. R. Campbell is promulgated through the advertising columns of this week's Clipper.

Diamond Hall, Crestline, O., is a new structure adapted for minstrel, dramatic and other purposes, which may be rented according to Geo. W. Pierce's advertisement elsewhere, in which also will be found other particulars.

A Lecturer and vocalist, with his wife, who assists in vocalism and dialogue, advertises in another column for engagements over the signature of R. Peel.

The Peak Family Bell Ringers are said to be meeting with success wherever they ring their bells. They are billed ahead as follows:—9th, 10th and 11th, Hagerstown, Md.; 12th and 13th, Fred'rick City; 14th, Cumberland; 16th, Grafton; 17th, Clarksburg; 18th, Parkersburg, W. Va.; 19th, Marietta, O.; 20th and 21st, Chillicothe; and thence to Cincinnati for two weeks, commencing Dec. 23d.

Harry Macarthy gave two concerts at the St. Charles Ball Room, Algiers, La., on Nov. 28th and 29th.

A Chance to Invest in a full set of magical apparatus is offered in our advertising columns by James Queen.

Spectacles seem to be the prevailing attraction in theatrical life at present, therefore it is to the interest of managers to secure all that is novel, brilliant and gorgeous as they have opportunity. Such a chance is offered by J. C. Martin, in our advertising columns, who has "fifty gorgeous tableaux" known as "Great Arabian Nights' Entertainment; or, Loiterings on Enchanted Ground" to dispose of.

The Musical Society, of Milwaukee, Wis., gave a concert in that city on the 3d inst.

"The Philharmonics" gave their sixth monthly concert in Milwaukee, Wis., on the 5th inst to a large audience. This society is said to improve in excellence at each entertainment, and the last performance is pronounced one of the finest ever given in that city. Miss Annie Main, (from Chicago), was engaged, and rendered effective aid to the entertainment by her excellent singing.

Hartz, the illusionist, is in the full tide of success at Sanderson's Opera House, Baltimore. He remains there this week and then goes to Washington.

Prof. Harrington, ventriloquist, and "That Humorous Watson," comic vocalist, gave two entertainments at Charlestown, Mass., on Thanksgiving day and evening. They are now making for New Hampshire, where they expect to remain until the coming spring. They appear on Dec. 9th at North Reading; 10th, at Middleton and 11th at Reading.

The Hanlon Combination commenced the past week in Lowell, Mass., where they remained two nights, and went thence to Springfield, Mass., for four nights, and performed to crowded houses each night. This week the party are in Worcester and Hartford, remaining three nights in each town. On the 16th they open in New Haven for three nights, and go thence to Paterson, N. J., for the 19th, 20th and 21st, and open in Philadelphia, at the Academy of Music, on Dec. 23d, for a short season.

The La Grange Brignoli Opera Troupe are to be in Worcester, Mass., on the 13th inst.

The Three "Old Women," Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and Geo. Francis Train lectured at Worcester, Mass., on the evening of Dec 7th, on the "Future of America," "Universal Suffrage" and the "Basis of the New Republic."

The Boston Orchestral Union, numbering twenty-five musicians, directed by Carl Zerahan, are to produce "Beethoven's Seventh Symphony," under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic lecture committee, at Worcester, Mass., on the 14th inst. It is said that the proceeds of the entertainment are to go to the widows and orphans of soldiers, who lost their lives during the late rebellion.

Donaldson, the Magician, appears at the Opera House, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 23d inst.

Ladies of the *ballet*, as well as those filling higher positions in the profession who may be in want of theatrical dry goods, such as tarletanes, etc., should call or send to W. Dazien, whose address will be found elsewhere.

"The Showman's Guide" will be ready in about three weeks, as it is being rapidly pushed forward. It will be a most useful assistant to every person in the profession.

The Barlow Brothers, dancists and singists, advertise in another column for engagements.

Amateur.

The Boothenian D. A., of Philadelphia, gave a performance on Thursday, Dec. 5th, of "Hamlet," with Mr. Quigley in the title role; Mr. Fenno as Claudius, Mr. Thomas as Laertes, Mr. Craig as Horatio, Mr. Francis as the Ghost; Polonius, Mr. Smith; Osric, Mr. Buck; First Actor, Mr. St. Leger; Grave Digger, Mr. G. L. Barclay; Gertrude, Miss Baker; Ophelia, Miss Loraine; Player Queen, Miss Seymore. This performance does not add to the reputation of the association, we are told by "An Old Actor."

The Wallack Dramatic Association, under the auspices of Mr. J. W. Wallack, gave a performance of "Oliver Twist" at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, on Dec. 3d, in aid of the yellow fever sufferers of the South. The house was full, and the representation very creditable. Mr. O. L. Jenkins appeared as Fagin, the Jew; Mr. W. E. McCann as Bill Sykes; Miss Feltman as Nancy, and Miss Laura Harrison as Oliver. The stage arrangements were conducted by Mr. T. A. Hall, of Holliday Street Theatre.

The American Dramatic Association has an advertisement in the Clipper to which aspirants for stage honors should pay attention.

The Warren and Hess Testimonial.—This affair, under the auspices of the Warren Combination, was brought to a successful issue on the 27th ult., at Dramatic Hall. There was a dramatic entertainment and a hop. The pieces selected were "La Tour de Nesle," "Limerick Boy," and "Box and Cox." The cast of the first piece embraces the names of Warren, Garrett, Brutoss, Carter, Burke, Willie Lee, Elsas, Goodwin, Ferguson, Roberts, and Berdell; Miss Estelle Vernon, and Miss Jessie Horten. All deserve praise for their acting, for seldom, indeed, has a performance at this hall been so smoothly given. Miss Vernon, as Marguerite, read her lines and acted more like an old professional than an amateur; Mr. J. M. Warren, as Buridan, deserves credit for his fine rendition of the part, and well merited the rounds of applause he received; he was called before the curtain and returned thanks in a neat speech. J. C. Garrett, as Walter, played exceedingly well; we never saw the gentleman act with so much confidence; he improves, and is acknowledged to be one of our best and most careful amateurs. Meyer Elsas was good as Lander, and Willie Lee excellent as Savoisy. Paddy Miles was played by E. J. Goodwin, Irish comedian; he possesses a rich brogue, and is perfectly at home on the stage; he sings and dances very well; was well supported. "Box and Cox" was well done by Brutoss and Lee. The audience and company then retired to the ball room, and enjoyed themselves until the grey streaks of morning announced the advent of daylight. The floor was under the management of E. J. Goodwin, who was ably seconded by his assistants; in fact every member of the club seemed to vie with each other in adding to the enjoyment of the guests. The different amateur clubs were well represented, and there were several professionals among the company.

The Lynn, Mass., Dramatic Association, gave a performance in Gloucester, Mass., on Dec. 2d. The bill presented was "Caste" and "Robert Emmet," with J. H. Warren as Hon. George D'Alroy; Mr. C. J. Stetson as Eccles, and Miss Hattie Snow as Polly; all of whom are said to have done well.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

Kate Denin did not create any excitement at the Haymarket Theatre, Melbourne, Australia, in "East Lynne," "Romeo," and the "Wife," but has since proved attractive in comedy and burlesque.

The Lyster Opera Troupe sailed from Melbourne, Australia, for Adelaide, early in October.

Mad. Celeste was to have sailed from Melbourne, Australia, the first week of the present month for England, via Marseilles in company with Sir John and Lady Young.

Messrs. Jordan and Beck, of New York, have opened an Anatomical Museum in Melbourne, Australia.

Vestvali, who made her re-appearance in London, Eng., at the Lyceum Theatre, on Nov. 18th, as Romeo, was liberally applauded through the evening, and at the fall of the curtain reappeared, amidst the congratulations of the audience, to receive the usual floral compliments.

John S Clarke, the American comedian, continues to appear at the St. James' Theatre, London, Eng., as Major Wellington de Boots. On Nov. 21st he appeared as Bob Tyke. There were twenty recalls at the end of each act, and Mr. Clarke received a special recognition of his success at the termination of the play.

Eugene and Unsworth were at last advices at Dublin, with Christy's Minstrels.

E. A. Sothern is at the Haymarket Theatre, London, Eng., giving his impersonation of "Brother Sam."

Mrs. Dion Boucicault has, after a long absence from the boards, been enabled to resume her profession. For several weeks her health had been very bad. For the first time in five years she appeared at the Princess' Theatre, London, Eng., on Nov. 25, in her original character of Eily O'Connor, in "Colleen Bawn," with Dion as Myles.

Adah Isaacs Menken terminated her London engagement at Astley's Theatre, Nov. 26, as Mazeppa and "Black Eyed Susan," for her benefit.

Clara Denvil died at Liverpool, Eng., on Nov. 19, by the bursting of a blood vessel. Miss Denvil was, at the time, a member of the Royal Amphitheatre company, and, although in a delicate state of health, continued playing in Mr. Byron's drama of "The Lancashire Lass" up to Nov. 9th. On the following day she ruptured a blood-vessel. She was the daughter of the late Mr. Denvil, tragedian, and the original representative of Manfred at Covent Garden in 1833, was an excellent actress in many parts, and especially popular in burlesque. To her credit we may add, that, for twelve years, she had been the sole support of her mother, contributed to that of her father, and since his death she has, from her professional labors, supplied her mother and brother with all necessary for their subsistence.

John Collins, the Irish comedian, failed to attract in Sydney, Australia, and early in October he was lying idle in Melbourne.

Christy's Minstrels—Harvey and Nish party—sailed from Melbourne, Australia, for Swan River, early in October.

The Bohemian Glass Blowers—Woodruff Brothers—are in Adelaide, Australia.

The World Circus—Cooke, Ross and Carlo party—with Fanny Brown as one of the cards, was doing a good business at Melbourne, Australia.

Mrs. O'Neil, formerly Miss Anna Marie Quinn, the wife of an eminent Australian comedian, and herself an actress of reputation, has been brought before the Victoria magistrates on a charge of stealing a large sum of money, dresses, &c. As the result of a preliminary investigation, she was remanded, bail being taken for her appearance. This trial causes the greatest excitement in the theatrical profession.

A London, Eng., Theatre in Ashes.—A cable despatch informs us that Her Majesty's Theatre, London, Eng., was totally destroyed by fire on Friday evening, Dec. 6th., shortly after the performance had terminated. No lives were lost. This theatre was one of the largest in London, was located in the Haymarket, and occupied an entire block. It was an Opera House in the true sense of the word, and was opened in opposition to Covent Garden Theatre. Within its walls have been witnessed the triumphs of Pasta, Malibran, Rubini, Garcia, Lablache, Grisi, Fanny Elssler, Mario, Taglioni, Jenny Lind, and last but not least, Clara Louise Kellogg, the young American *prima donna*, who made her *debut* in England at this house, on Nov. 2d, as Marguerite in "Faust," with great success, and had appeared on the night it was destroyed. The theatre had a seating capacity of twenty-two hundred. Mr. Mapleson was the lessee, who, no doubt, suffers considerably in loss of music, scenery, etc., as well as the cutting so short his season and at this time of the year. It will also cause a break in the Kellogg *furore*, and be a great loss to this lady, as she was engaged for the Spring Season of 1868.

AMUSEMENTS.

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Lessee and Manager.......................WM. WHEATLEY

In consequence of engagements entered into many months ago, the Manager, with regret, is compelled to announce
THE LAST NIGHTS OF THE BLACK CROOK.
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READ WHAT THE PRESS SAYS:—

From the Missouri Republican, St. Louis.

MISS ELIZA NEWTON made her first appearance before the public of St. Louis, at the Varieties Theatre, on Monday, September 2d, in the character of Sergeant Frederick in the play of "Love of a Prince," and at once produced a most favorable impression. Miss Newton opened at Deagle's Varieties on September 2d, as before stated. Here her engagement has proved a success. She has already made many warm friends among our best citizens, and will continue to add to the number of her admirers as long as she stays. This is her first engagement in the West, and she has every reason to be satisfied with the favorable impression she has made on the short acquaintance.

ELIZA NEWTON.

From the St. Louis Republican, Sept. 16th.

The feature of the week was Miss Eliza Newton. She appeared in two characters that test the ability of an actress—Pauline in the "Lady of Lyons," and Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing. In the latter, she was particularly brilliant, and her success was most unequivocal.

In Beatrice she exhibited many of the highest gifts and qualifications of an artiste, and fairly took the audience by storm. She is a lady of great personal attractions, and has evidently made the dramatic art a life study. She acts with earnestness and enthusiasm which command the attention, and enlist the sympathies of the beholder until he is made captive and carried away into the regions of romance, which so really counterfeit reality. We never saw Beatrice done better than Miss Newton performed that difficult *role*, in which so many, even fine artistes, fail. This character alone would establish her excellence, and it has made her a host of warm friends and admirers among St. Louis play-goers.

ELIZA NEWTON.

From the St. Louis Democrat.

VARIETIES THEATRE.—A word of praise is due the efficient manager of this establishment for the treat he is giving our citizens in the "Love of a Prince," with which the season opens and the promise for the future which its marked success fully warrants. Miss Newton's rendition of the reckless, generous-hearted Prince is inimitable.

ELIZA NEWTON.

From the Worcester (Mass.) Gazette, May 14, 1867.

Miss Newton is a true artist, and never, even in the wildest flights of her comic muse, condescends to vulgarity, neither does she "o'erstep the modesty of nature." The closing piece of "Rupert the Reckless, or the Nymph of the Lurleyburg," is an attack upon our risible faculties which we cannot resist. Miss Newton plays the young and reckless freebooter in a charming costume and a most amusing manner, and sings, dances, and even fights with the gayest *nonchalance* in the world. Her voice is sweet, expressive and admirably adapted to the burlesque. Her "Sleeping Beauty Medley" is very full of characteristic humor, and was warmly applauded.

ELIZA NEWTON.

From the St. Louis Times.

Miss Eliza Newton, a well known and favorite comedienne, appeared for the first time before a St. Louis audience, and was received, we may say, with enthusiasm. Her acting is unquestionably good. She exhibits a correct taste and appreciation of character, and is full of sprightliness and vivacity.

ELIZA NEWTON.

From the St. Louis Democrat.

Miss Newton, who opens the season as Sergeant Frederick in the "Love of a Prince," is without doubt an accomplished artiste. As the boyish, open hearted Prince she wins, at the outset, the sympathies of her audience, and holds them warm admirers to the end.

ELIZA NEWTON.

The St. Louis Republican, speaking of the "Sea of Ice," says:—

Miss Newton in the dual characterization of Louise de Lascours and Ogarita, the wild flower of Mexico, executed her parts with that grace of deportment and accurate perception of character for which she has grown justly distinguished.

ELIZA NEWTON.

From the Worcester Evening Gazette, May 15.

"The Little Treasure," produced last evening, is not a new comedy, but it is not the less interesting on that account. The story is charming from its perfect simplicity and its rare mixture of pathos and humor. An unbidden tear will start at the simple efforts of the child heroine to re-unite two severed hearts. Miss Newton as Gertrude was truly a little Treasure. Her figure is petite, and with her fair curls, her childish buoyancy of spirits and her style of acting, she was a perfect embodiment of the character.

ELIZA NEWTON.

From the New Albany Daily Commercial, Sept. 24.

OPERA HOUSE AND ELIZA NEWTON.—Miss Newton made her debut last evening before one of the most select and cultivated audiences ever assembled within its walls. The piece selected was Miriam's Crime—the part of Miriam West falling to Miss Newton. She has come to us almost unknown, but to-day Miss Newton's name is the property of our citizens. Nature has endowed her with a beautiful face and a fine figure, and by this time a goodly portion of our young men are having Newtonian neck-ties manufactured, or inquiring for the latest style hat—the Newton. The mobility of expression at Miss Newton's command can only be understood by actually witnessing the pathos that finds its way from the soul to the lips, or instantly changing in such a manner as to convulse the audience with merriment. Her songs in Gertrude were loudly encored. Miss Newton has decidedly made a great sensation.

ELIZA NEWTON.

From the Daily Ledger, New Albany, Sept. 25.

HONEYMOON.—Bulwer's beautiful comedy of this name was rendered last evening at the Opera House, before a select audience. Miss Newton's Juliana was one of the finest pieces of acting ever produced upon a New Albany stage, and she has already obtained a strong hold upon the patrons of the drama. Her wardrobe is really magnificent.

ELIZA NEWTON.

From the New Albany Daily Commercial, Sept. 27.

Miss Eliza Newton takes her benefit this evening at the Opera House, and has selected Bulwer's great play of the "Lady of Lyons," personating Pauline to Mr. Hubbard's Claude Melnotte. During the week Miss Newton has appeared in several fine characters, and proven herself to be an actress of great merit, and possessing one of the most magnificent wardrobes ever seen west of New York city. Should the beneficiary revisit New Albany, we can promise a most successful engagement at the hands of her many admirers. 36-1t

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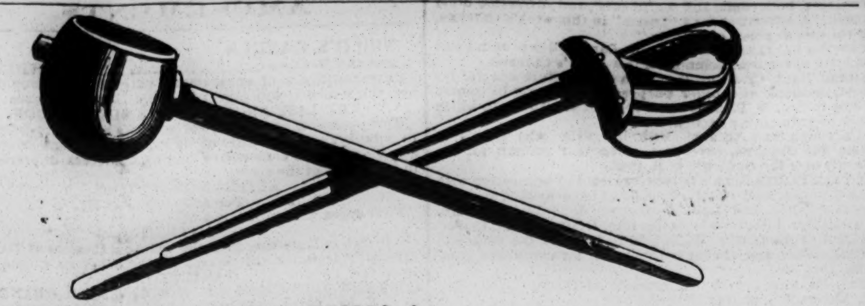

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